SPIN

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SPECIAL COLLEGE ISSUE!
Edited at the University of Missouri

R.E.M.
Exclusive Interview And Sneak Preview of the New Album

CLASH OF THE TITANS:
Behind the Scenes With Slayer, Megadeth, and Testament on Tour

JEB BUSH
Recruiting the Cocaine Republicans

Cocteau Twins in Las Vegas

SPIN's Campus Survey: What Students Really Think

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Animals in the House: Inside the Greek System

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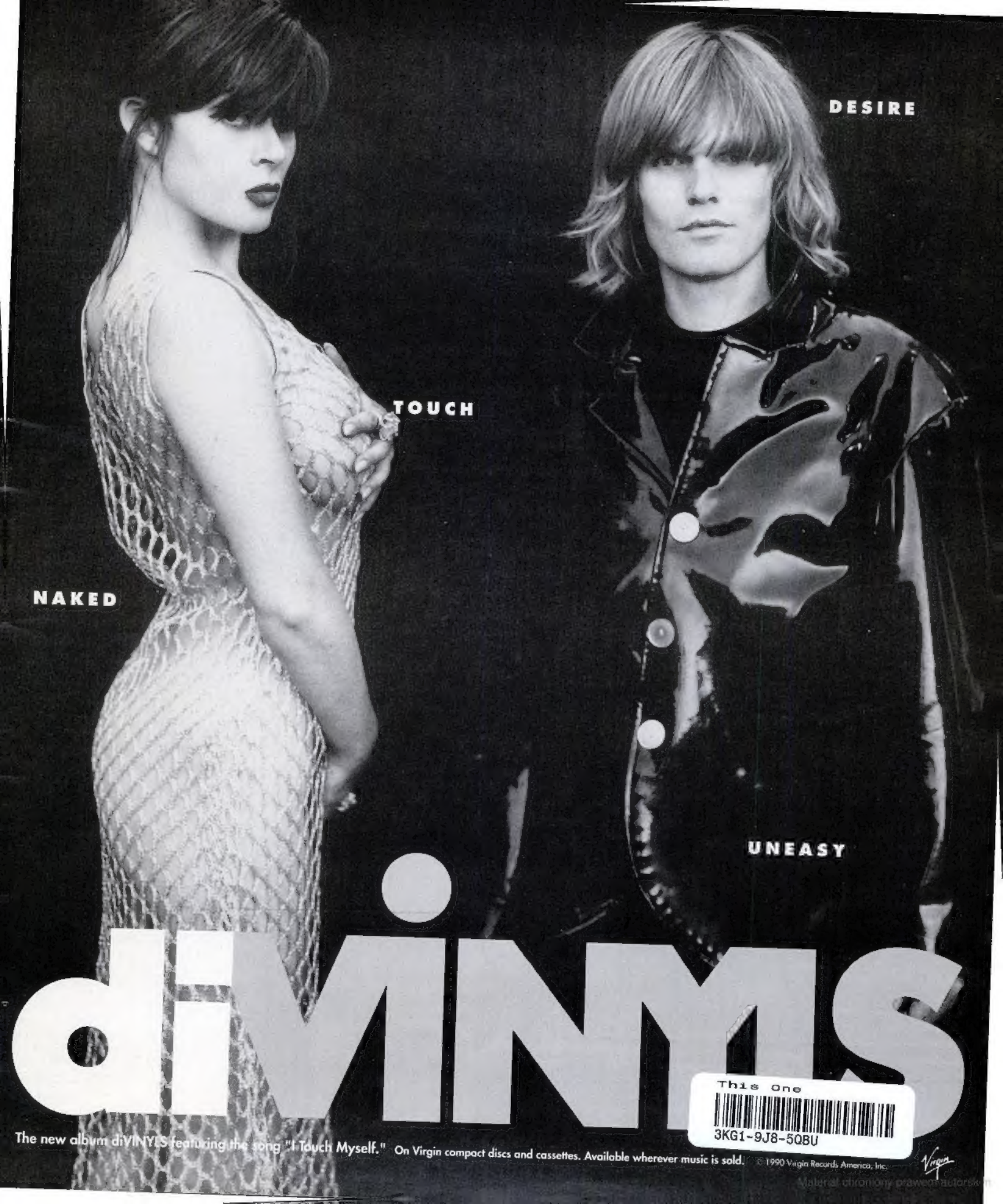

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IN

SPECIAL COLLEGE ISSUE!

EDITED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI, COLUMBIA

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The oracles of Athens return with their first album in two and a half years. Exclusive interview and preview of the new album by Mark Blackwell and Jim Green.

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Cover and above photos by Anton Corbijn

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TOP SPIN

This month SPIN goes on location at the University of Missouri, Columbia, *top right*. Special Projects Editor Dean Christopher, *above*, donned cap and gown to get into the spirit. Byron Scott, *right*, who heads the School of Journalism's magazine sequence, helped coordinate the project.

TWO HOURS OF of hard driving WNW of St. Louis gets you to Columbia, Missouri, out on the flat, patient belly of the plains. It's a college town where they're growing a fresh crop of American journalists at the University of Missouri's fine School of Journalism. SPIN went on campus—straight to the greenhouse, so to speak—to put our college issue together with some of Missouri's top students.

It's hard enough to publish a magazine in your own offices, where familiar tools and people and procedures are close at hand. Now try it a thousand miles from home. Try cooking a 15-course banquet in someone else's kitchen—blindfolded. It's such an obviously stupid thing to do that naturally we had to try.

Did we succeed? Sure we did. The result is right here in your hands, and we're proud of it.

Preparing these pages was by turns frustrating and exhilarating, infuriating, and gratifying. We came together with a couple dozen talented young people, some of them *exceptionally* talented. Cultures collided. Neither group was what the other expected. Some SPINsters must have seemed like ruthless gypsies in leather who traffic in Strange Ideas and might even cut you. The students weren't goo-goo-eyed neophytes oh-so-ready to be impressed. The coffee was so weak we had to buy our own brewer. There were clashes and pouts, tension, suspicion, and inefficiency. Then the work fever kicked in, with all its usual weirdness and hilarity. Things, as they tend to do, smoothed out. The issue got bolted together. In the process we learned our lessons and the students learned theirs.

Their lesson: In the back alleys of real-world journalism there's only one rule—the issue gets done, period. Sometimes you have to do ugly things to make this happen, things that aren't covered in Journalism 201. And in a bar fight you sometimes overlook the Marquis of Queensbury.

Our lesson: Never underestimate the ability of smart young people to perform well under fire—once they know where the fire is really coming from. SPIN's student journalists were, in the main, superb. A few were so good that it makes me all the more frantic when I think how bad bad students can be. I worry about this because there's such a close relationship between education and intelligent journalism.

It's no secret that, *in general*, the quality of our graduates has steadily deteriorated over the past couple of decades. If you disagree, check the results of any international scholastic competition. Sad to say, many U.S. collegians couldn't distinguish magma from smegma; Tom Wolfe from Thomas Wolfe; the music of Brahms from that of Palestrina (whom they'd likely mistake for a would-be country opposed to Israel). They are abysmal at foreign languages and only marginally better at speaking their own. Worse yet, they see nothing wrong with this state of affairs. They're perfectly happy with their school as long as they can get laid well today and paid well tomorrow.

This would be bad enough if American power and prestige weren't suffering a worldwide shellacking. But at a time like this our apathy toward higher (and for that matter, lower) education is inexcusable. My private nightmare is that, left unchecked, this mediocrity rampage will even contaminate our next generation of journalists. And remember that journalists are the folks we depend on to keep us in touch with our options. We need perceptive tough-minded journalists who can't be flummoxed: *good* journalists.

So what makes a "good" journalist? Short-form answer: *A good education makes a good journalist.* Good journalists are by nature endowed with gobs of curiosity, resourcefulness, and a knack for communicating with clarity and color—attributes that are most efficiently and comprehensively developed through a good education. Good journalists tend to be skeptical of tidy, facile explanations, largely because their education has armed them with lots of dimension. On the other hand, the whiskerweights expect their stories to be lying around waiting for them, prepackaged and shiny as an Easter egg under leaves. A journalist may be a lot of things, but is certainly not an egg collector any more than a symphonist is someone who cranks out them purty tunes. For both the composer and the journalist, thematic development is awfully hard work.

To do that hard work properly you need the multidimensional background that comes from a well-rounded education. Does this mean that every magazine writer must speak 17 Finno-Ugric dialects and have degrees in astrophysics and medieval macroeconomics? Heck, no. In fact, probably fewer than half of SPIN's staff can read Tibetan or solve quadratics in more than five unknowns. Still, the well-prepared journalist is familiar with the tools of research, and enjoys a much higher level of cultural literacy than is commonly required of today's average college graduate.

It's distressing to think of how many aspiring reporters know all about "media" and "communications"—but very little about the relative significance of the information communicated *via* those media. That's because they're aroused less by current events than the glamour personified by all those Identikit anchor puppies. As our music editor, Frank Owen, said, in momentary frustration, "They all want to be Connie Chung—even the boys!" Many journalism students appear willing to do most anything for a career that is all relish and no hot dog; all makeup but no face.

Many, but surely not all. My days on the bright, leafy campus at Mizzou taught me that there are still some gifted young people who care about learning and who look forward to doing something useful. You know who you are; you're the ones who laugh in the right places, who get excited for the right reasons. That's because you're educated. And when your time comes, you'll do just fine.

—Dean Christopher

We regretfully say goodbye to John Skipper, SPIN's president and publishing director, who heads for California to skipper a new publishing venture at Disney.

BOTTOM LEFT: E.J. KEMP. CAMPUS PHOTOS BY NICK VACCARO

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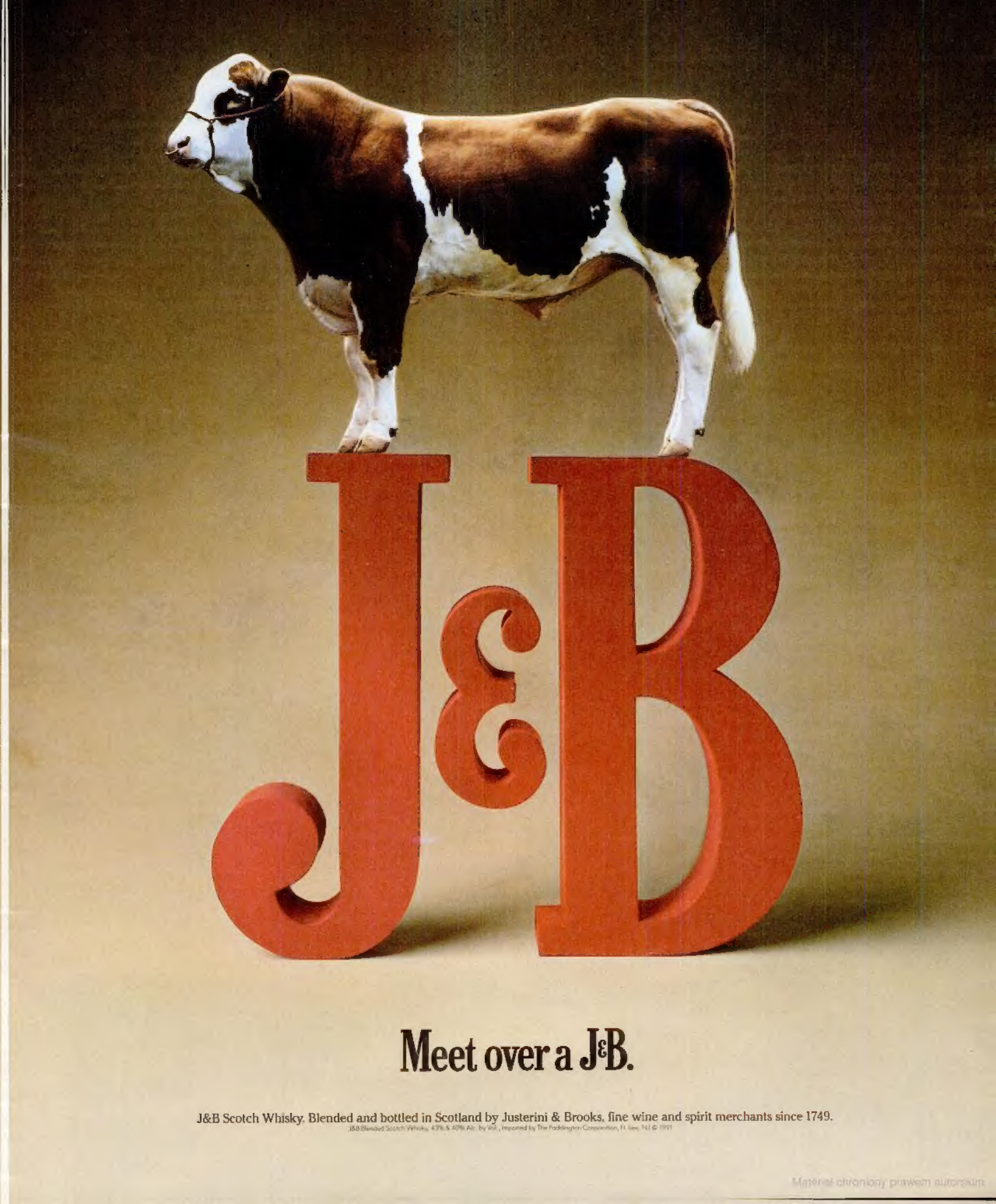

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POINT BLANK LETTERS

EDITED BY
NATHANIEL WICE

Bully for You

Something seemed to be missing from the Danzig article. Could it have been the beatings that members of Danzig's audience seem to fall prey to periodically? Oh, you didn't know about that? Happened here in Cleveland recently. Yeah, and then we heard that the kid that Danzig stomped wasn't even the one he was "supposed" to stomp. So how come nobody's come out to talk about this "hero" quality?
Jeff Reding
Executive Producer
VidMag-TV
Cleveland, Ohio

As a homosexual peruser of your magazine I find it hilarious that Glenn Danzig seeks solace in "titty bars" when he's got bigger tits than most women.
Lee Kay
Chicago, Illinois

As a reader of SPIN since day one, I've waited five long years for the January issue and it was worth the wait: Danzig on the cover! Now a suggestion: How about a longer interview with Glenn, who is a very intelligent and thought-provoking person, and the rest of the band, who also have a lot to contribute?
Stephanie Catavu
Elgin, Illinois

Classic Argument

With regards to the Judas Priest trial ["Executioner's Song," November '90], if I commit suicide to Mozart's *Requiem* will classical music be put on trial?
Rebecca Sharon
Atlanta, Georgia

Ed. note: Maybe, but how will you know?

Shock of the New

SPIN is a good magazine. I love Blue Light Special and Dear Elvis and Jefferson Morley and Little Sutty's Quest for Music and especially the letters. But too often I find passionless writing about passionless music—like for instance, Legs McNeil on Danzig [January '91]. Come on, man, are you putting on us young'ns—who were more into Star Wars than the Sex Pistols—or what? Too often I don't see enough coverage of bands that make truly fresh, unclichéd, creative music—"new music" in the real sense. I see a magazine that is becoming increasingly trend-conscious and less and less art-conscious.
Love and negation,
Peter Steward Scholtes
St. Paul, Minnesota

It appears that the way to ignite the hearts and minds of you, the supreme voice on the merits of "new music" [January '91], is to wrap oneself in a cloak of obnoxious eccentricity and expand the boundaries of the strange and absurd until the spirit of true music is killed and buried in our own backyard.

The future of new music, SPIN-style. Sad.
Thomas Braam
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Short and Sweet

Deee-Lite rules. Good job, SPIN.
Mark McMillan
Denver, Colorado

Danzig: Short people got no business.

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Worth Fighting For

If 2 Black 2 Strong has a problem with our symbol of "negativity and bullshit"—the U.S. flag—and thinks "this country fucks with everybody," [Flash, December '90] why don't you leave? Go away? Get the fuck out.
SPC Bryant Mlynczak
Operation Desert Shield
Saudi Arabia

any mention of that self-destructive performer G.G. Allin, so I had to rub my eyes when I saw his name emblazoned across your pages [Underground, January '91]. Any man who sings "Ten Year Old Fuck" and "Shit on My Prick" is not to be taken seriously, which is why his music is so necessary. It is a welcome relief from glam-trash such as Poison and Pretty Boy Floyd. If he

"Here is a photo of us in Saudi Arabia. We send it with an invitation to 2 Black 2 Strong, his associates, and anyone who supports him. Come try and burn this one!"
—1st Section Anti-Mechanical Platoon, 3rd Battalion, 9th Marines

The other day my weapon was accidently smashed under the tracks of my bul dozer, so let s just say I'm having a pretty shitty time out here and this whole experience hasn't been "k.nder" or "gent er" to me.

Anyway, I'm a subscr ber to SPIN, which is the only way I'm able to keep informed on rock'n'roll. I read through the December '90 and January '91 issues and found two things on Iggy Pop and that cheered me up a little. P ease don't withhold my address.
SPC Eric Vaughn Sachs
C Company Eighth Engineer Batallion
Operation Desert Shield
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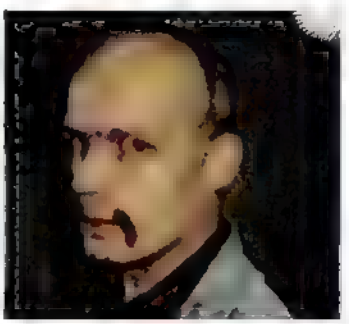
Live Show (If He Doesn't Die)

Normally I have to search the L.A. and New York underground to find



G.G. Allin strikes a pose.

doesn't die in jail, you should definitely catch a *live* show. But a word of advice: Wear a raincoat and don't stand *anywhere* near the stage.
Nathan Izod
Los Angeles, California

You Do Something to Me

Thank you for the January AIDS column. After hearing U2's version of "Night and Day" and viewing a portion of the AIDS special on television I bought the *Red Hot and Blue* album. I had been waiting to hear more about the people who contributed to the album and te evision program. Now I appreciate their efforts even more because of the difficulties involved with the production, the stinginess of some record companies, and the fear of many to deal with the issue of AIDS. I can't believe how many people still cons.der AIDS a punishment for a certain life-style.

Behind the message of the special are some excellent reinterpretations of beaut.fully written songs. "Don't Fence Me In" used to be my father's favorite. I will probably think of him every time I hear it.
Wendy Wittenmyer
Rawson, Ohio

Address letters to: Point Blank, SPIN, 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011. Include your name and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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LASH

EDITED BY FRANK OWEN AND LAUREN SPENCER

The

To celebrate the end of their American tour, the British group the Cocteau Twins played Las Vegas. Art, hype, or a suitable setting for their placeless, timeless music?

Las Vegas is an antiecological utopia where waste is a way of life. (What else is gambling if not the spectacle of waste?) So what are the ethereal and aerial British band the Cocteau Twins doing playing the big room at the Aladdin Hotel and Casino? An art statement? A publicity gimmick?

"We thought it would be a laugh," says guitarist Robin Guthrie. "People read their own meanings into it. We don't really take it that seriously. We just wanted to play here because Sammy Davis and Elvis did. People are used to us playing places like the Royal Festival Hall and Sadlers Wells [classical music venues in England]. This is different."

But aren't the Cocteau Twins dissing Las Vegas, performing there only to expose the show-biz values this city in the desert stands for? After all, their current album is titled *Heaven or Las Vegas*. Isn't the album an indictment of this air-conditioned hell in Nevada?

COURTESY OF CAPITOL RECORDS

Cocteau Twins in Las Vegas

"No," says Liz Fraser. "I wanted to play Las Vegas because I've got really horrible taste. I hate gambling, but the place isn't nearly as tacky as people say it is."

"Every American we've been with," chimes in Robin, "keeps making apologies for what Las Vegas is like: 'Oh, it's really tacky.' 'Oh, it's in really bad taste.' They're mortified by it more than we ever could be."

Having a local comedian open the show was a mistake. L.A. punk poetess Exene was supposed to be the support, but instead the audience had to suffer silly taunts about its black clothing and relative youth ("I hope you've brought your homework"). Las Vegas being a college town with a vocal alternative-rock community, the audience made its displeasure felt.

The Cocteau Twins, on the other hand, were exceptional, fully justifying SPIN colleague Simon Reynolds's description of them as "oceanic rock"—rock more akin to geography than music, an otherworldly no-place outside of language and meaning. Lost in the amnesia of the Cocteau Twins' wall of sound, all images of neon, gambling, and Siegfried and Roy vanished—replaced by thoughts of the desert that extends on all sides just a short distance from the casino. A more suitable venue, surely, for the Cocteau Twins' next visit to Las Vegas. **FRANK OWEN**

TEENAGE CURFEWS

Cities across the country are imposing restrictive laws to keep America's kids off the streets and out of trouble.

As urban streets become war zones, kids are being kept under lock and key —supposedly for their own good. But the question is, who's protecting our constitution? Teenagers in cities across the country have been sentenced to what amounts to house arrest, imposed after 11:00 P.M. weeknights and midnight on weekends.

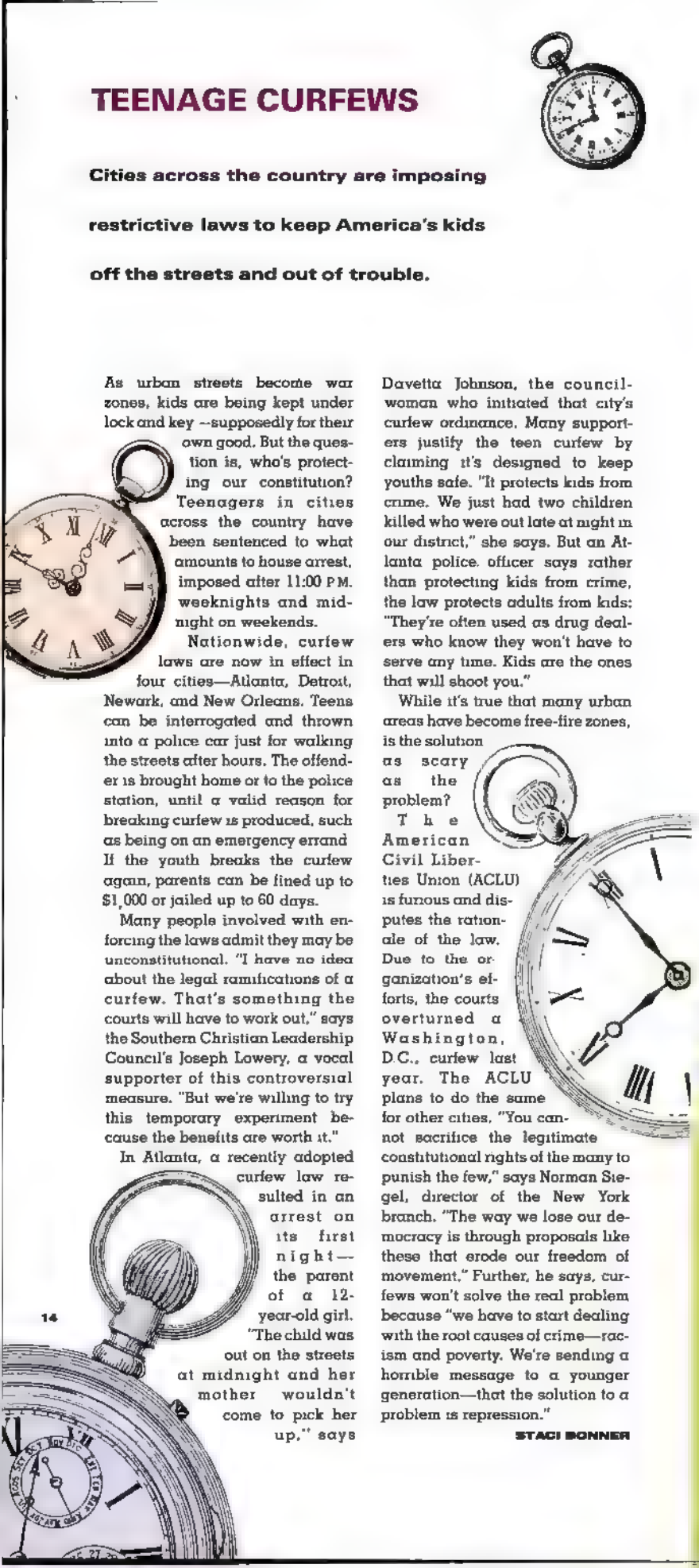
Nationwide, curfew laws are now in effect in four cities—Atlanta, Detroit, Newark, and New Orleans. Teens can be interrogated and thrown into a police car just for walking the streets after hours. The offender is brought home or to the police station, until a valid reason for breaking curfew is produced, such as being on an emergency errand. If the youth breaks the curfew again, parents can be fined up to $1,000 or jailed up to 60 days.

Many people involved with enforcing the laws admit they may be unconstitutional. "I have no idea about the legal ramifications of a curfew. That's something the courts will have to work out," says the Southern Christian Leadership Council's Joseph Lowery, a vocal supporter of this controversial measure. "But we're willing to try this temporary experiment because the benefits are worth it."

In Atlanta, a recently adopted curfew law resulted in an arrest on its first night—the parent of a 12-year-old girl. "The child was out on the streets at midnight and her mother wouldn't come to pick her up," says Davetta Johnson, the councilwoman who initiated that city's curfew ordinance. Many supporters justify the teen curfew by claiming it's designed to keep youths safe. "It protects kids from crime. We just had two children killed who were out late at night in our district," she says. But an Atlanta police officer says rather than protecting kids from crime, the law protects adults from kids: "They're often used as drug dealers who know they won't have to serve any time. Kids are the ones that will shoot you."

While it's true that many urban areas have become free-fire zones, is the solution as scary as the problem? The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) is furious and disputes the rationale of the law. Due to the organization's efforts, the courts overturned a Washington, D.C., curfew last year. The ACLU plans to do the same for other cities. "You cannot sacrifice the legitimate constitutional rights of the many to punish the few," says Norman Siegel, director of the New York branch. "The way we lose our democracy is through proposals like these that erode our freedom of movement." Further, he says, curfews won't solve the real problem because "we have to start dealing with the root causes of crime—racism and poverty. We're sending a horrible message to a younger generation—that the solution to a problem is repression."

STACI BONNER



Dinosaur Jr. *Green Mind* (Blanco y Negra/Sire). More like a J. Mascis solo project than an actual band album, *Green Mind* negotiates the dreaded "major-label debut" with unusual grace. You might miss some of the semi-uncontrolled fury of earlier efforts, but Mascis's always-astonishing guitar mastery is fair compensation. (Greer)

TAD *8-Way Santa* (Sub Pop). A belated Christmas present from Seattle's Santa Claus of grunge and his three instrument-wielding elves. Probably the band's most accessible album yet. Growling layers of rhythmic guitar fuse with brutal vocals. A melodic, intense treat guaranteed to test the weak of heart. (Fidler)

Mind Funk *Mind Funk* (Epic). Mind Funk's debut album is chock-full of eclectic musical styles merged with a liberal dose of vocalist Pat Dubar's arresting lyrics. Ex-thrashers from M.O.D., Chemical Waste, and Celtic Frost make up this New Jersey outfit. Not only a great rock'n'roll album but a state of mind. (Spencer)

Spacemen 3 *Recurring* (Dedicated/RCA). Unfortunately, this LP is the swan song for the U.K.'s most original and talented hypno-rock combo. An aural blotter sheet, *Recurring* scales lysergic heights the Beatles (those poseurs) never dared. Relentlessly trippy, unendingly inventive. Cool. (Greer)

The Junk Monkeys *5 Star Fling* (Metal Blade). The grinding grooves on *5 Star Fling* rev up the Minneapolis sound of the early '80s. While Paul Westerberg seems fed up with flannel shirts, Detroit's super-caffeinated Junks wring theirs in a bucket after every show. Not much new here, but see 'em live and you'll believe. (Giron)

Meat Beat Manifesto *99%* (Mute). *99%* is nothing less than drug free tripping. Meat Beat is multimedia anarchism combined with a plethora of ingenious samples. This surreal and mind bending album will broaden your horizons and then some. Hysterical, controlled, and infused with sex. (Bonner)

In memory of Def Leppard founding guitarist Steve Clark, 1960-1991

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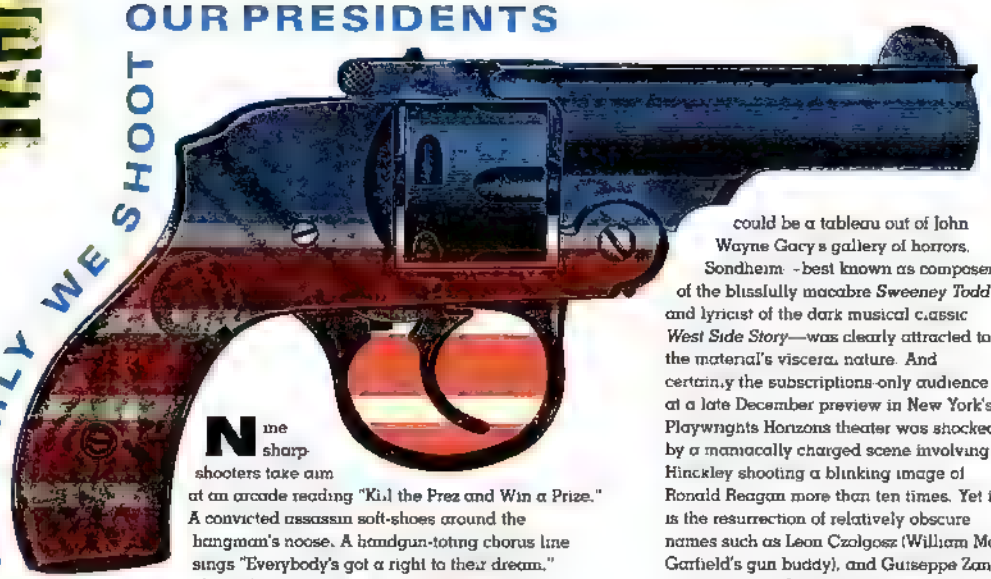
OUR PRESIDENTS

MERRILY WE SHOOT



Stephen Sondheim's latest show, a musical about Presidential assassins, was meant to be off-putting—it's merely off-target.

Nine sharpshooters take aim at an arcade reading "Kill the Prez and Win a Prize." A convicted assassin soft-shoes around the hangman's noose. A handgun-toting chorus line sings "Everybody's got a right to their dream." Rap's latest chronicle of inner-city violence? Nope—just some cutting-edge musical theater from the genre's last greatest hope.

Assassins, with music and lyrics by Broadway institution Stephen Sondheim and book by John Weidman, is a mystifying muddle of a musical that claims both attempted and successful Presidential assassins are ironic heroes of the working class: frustrated firebrands chasing the American dream. With no chronological restraints, this hour-and-a-half revue imagines scenes such as Reagan attacker John Hinckley comparing sexual experiences with Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme, the loopy Gerald Ford bounty hunter and erstwhile lover of Charles Manson. John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's killer (and a trailblazer in the field) serves as master of ceremonies; the climactic scene, in which Booth shames Lee Harvey Oswald into doing in Kennedy instead of himself, could be a tableau out of John Wayne Gacy's gallery of horrors.

Sondheim—best known as composer of the blissfully macabre *Sweeney Todd* and lyricist of the dark musical classic *West Side Story*—was clearly attracted to the material's visceral nature. And certainly the subscriptions-only audience at a late December preview in New York's Playwrights Horizons theater was shocked by a maniacally charged scene involving Hinckley shooting a blinking image of Ronald Reagan more than ten times. Yet it is the resurrection of relatively obscure names such as Leon Czolgosz (William McKinley's murderer), Charles Guiteau (James Garfield's gun buddy), and Guiseppe Zangara (who attempted to kill FDR) that raises questions as to Sondheim's intent in preserving recognition of these historic criminals. Only Samuel Byck (who hijacked a commercial jet in 1974, intending to crash it into Nixon's White House,, played as a beer-swilling Leonard Bernstein fanatic in a Santa suit, and Sara Jane Moore, the heavily armed housewife who hoped to off Ford, have personalities eccentric enough to qualify for the Nutball Hall of Fame.

In this time of conservative cultural backlash, it's worth noting when a traditionally upbeat genre, often rife with middle-class vagaries and apple-pie acceptability, looks to two-bit anarchists for comedic inspiration. According to the show's penultimate number, there's "Another National Anthem": "It says bullshit / It says never / It says listen / It says you can always get your dream." At press time, the show had no plans to move to Broadway.

ALEC FOEGE

The military has drafted an army of advertisers to sell enlistment to the few, the proud, the impressionable.

Recruiting the MTV Generation

Vanilla Ice's face disappears from the television screen, and you're about to flip from MTV to the Sports Channel when your attention is caught by a souped-up red Mustang pulling to a dusty stop in the desert sun. A blond and well-built Air Force recruit-turned-actor emerges in a tight black T-shirt and jeans to fine-tune his motor.

A sleek, silver fighter plane comes racing around a mountain, spinning and changing direction at daredevil angles. It swoops down on the young hunk, rustling his GI haircut, and his all-American eyes follow it into the distance.

This U.S. Air Force public service announcement, first issued in December 1989 and reissued this February, is an example of the slick, seductive advertising military recruiters turned to when the draft was repealed in 1973. Using military personnel and equipment, Madison Avenue advertising agencies package the armed forces for sale to the style-conscious MTV generation, and the Department of Defense pays them more than $200 million a year to do it.

"There is a need to use modern marketing principles in recruiting," says Dave Seal, an account manager at BBDO, the Navy's ad agency. A pamphlet promoting the Navy College Fund and Montgomery GI Bill, by which recruits can earn up to $25,200 for college, promises two years of adventure, money for college, and experience for life. But what happens if the U.S. goes to war during your two years of "adventure"? Will the military postpone its campaigns until spring break?

"It goes without saying that the primary service of the Air Force is defense of the country," says Fred Morris of Bozell, Inc., although that agency chooses instead to emphasize the Air Force's image and "product benefits," like college money and the 200 careers available to people who enlist.

While the Marines have clung to their white-glove-and-silver-sword reputation, the Army has done intense market research on how to best combat its image as a "Beetle Bailey" outfit that turns mechanics into cooks and musicians into riflemen. Current ads focus on groups such as women, Hispanics, college-bound students, and the small-town boy. They stress the individual's role in today's Army. One ad claims that "some of the best soldiers wear lipstick."

But for those who still value John F. Kennedy's encouragement to "ask not what your country can do for you," it's hard to believe Uncle Sam is telling the nation on network TV to consider what the Army can do for your bank account and the Air Force for your image.

E. P. QUINN

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BELL BIV DEVOE • Poison	47547
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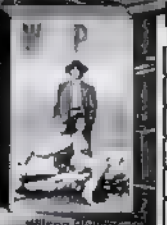

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TRADEMARKS USED IN THIS ADV'T ARE THE PROPERTY OF VARIOUS TRADEMARK OWNERS

Rock'n'Roll's Ten Worst Influences

Bowie

Morrissey

Lou Reed

Morrissey. The poet of maudlin, moping, martyred monkishness and sexy celibacy: the man who turned nerdhood into an art form. Unfortunately, an army of droning clones (Housemartins, Wedding Present, etc.) thought that being a nerd made you an artist, and proceeded to inflict the contents of their diaries upon a long-suffering world.

Lou Reed. "The guy that gave dignity and poetry and rock n roll to smack, speed, homosexuality, murder, misogyny, stumblebum passivity, and suicide" (Lester Bangs). Also opened the floodgates for 1,001 nonsingers sporting sunglasses after dark and peddling fake street romanticism.

Syd Barrett. The original acid-baked fruitcake and (in Pink Floyd) inventor of psychedelia as regression to childhood. Thus the model for such mad-as-a-hatter jackanapes and professional scrambled eggheads as Julian Cope and Robyn Hitchcock.

David Bowie. Each of his myriad incarnations has spawned its ghastly progeny: Ziggy Stardust (Bauhaus, Sigue Sigue Sputnik), Young Americans-era plastic soul (ABC, Spandau Ballet), Thin White Duke (Gary Numan).

The Byrds. Ever listen to college radio?

New York Dolls. Sired Hanoi Rocks, who (together with Aerosmith) birthed the entire L.A. glam sleaze scene.

Van Morrison. Mystic visionary with a voice like gargling phlegm. Unfortunately, Van inspired Ireland's "raggle-taggle" movement. Celtic soul stirrers like Hothouse Flowers, who believe that if you sing like you're gargling phlegm that makes you a mystic visionary.

Blondie. Pop as pop art: blank and chic and deliberately shallow. But Debbie Harry's '80s children (the Primitives, Darling Buds, Transvision Vamp) were merely two-dimensional.

Lester Bangs. As well as the thousands of fanzines that follow his creed to the letter, LB also created a canon (Stooges, Velvets, garage) and codified an attitude (punk, who-gives-a-fuck) that's been aped by countless dismal no-senik combos.

Prince. The first postmodernist superstar, who constructed himself from components of his ancestors (Hendrix and James Brown and Little Richard and Todd Rundgren and Clinton). Since then Prince has become a genre himself: chameleonic, musical mappers like Terence Trent D'Arby and Lenny Kravitz. Also invented "positivity," the platitude of the '90s.

SIMON REYNOLDS

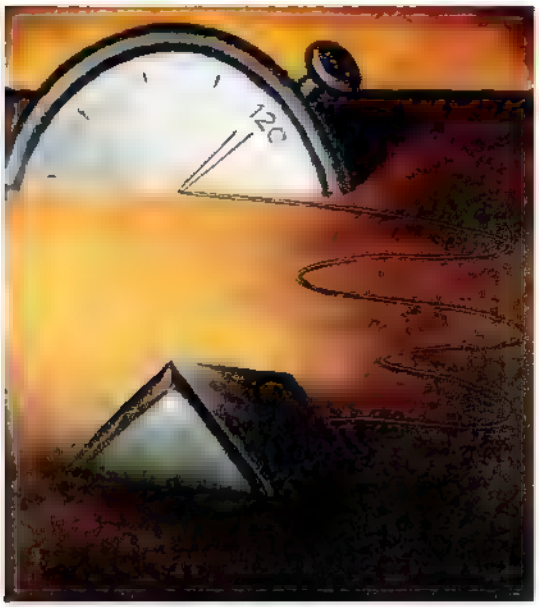
Dear Elvis,

What do you think about the people who try to make a living impersonating you?

Wayne Manor
Chicago, Illinois

I'll tell you the truth, Wayne. It sure is flattering to have a man try his best to look a whole lot like you did, but it's real sad in a way, too. My momma raised me to not try and be like somebody else, and I never did, so I turned out just to be who I am. Yeah, I got mixed up just like every other young foolish boy growing up, but I never went so far as to dress up like another man. And if everybody else did like that, there might be two or three other real kings to appear, instead of two or three hundred fake ones. But, like I said, it sure is flattering as all hell.

Take it to the limit,
Elvis



Dave's World

MTV's Dave Kendall gives alternative music its *120 Minutes* of fame.

"Art and commerce have always been extremely uneasy bedfellows," admits Englishman Dave Kendall, who conceived, produces, writes, and is the VJ for MTV's alternative-video showcase, *120 Minutes* (Sundays 12:00 A.M.–2:00 A.M.). "MTV is a purveyor of mass culture, a major player in a highly competitive commercial market." That means that at any given time you might see more Poison, Robert Palmer, and New Kids videos than you would like. It also means that if you are Dave Kendall, you share a windowless office about the size of a broom closet and are left to wander in the shadows of regular rotation legends.

"My original goal," Kendall says, "was—and still is—to provide a competent showcase of alternative music, so that people who don't have access to hip record stores or college radio stations can learn about what's out there.

"Sometimes we get a lot of criticism for showcasing the more mainstream alternative bands, but if we can turn a Cure or Depeche Mode fan on to Front 242, or any other indie band, then we're accomplishing a lot more than not showing the Cure at all.

"MTV," he continues, "is a business and not a charity. It functions like a major network. It has to make constant programming decisions to maintain high enough ratings to keep the advertisers. When we start to slip, people start to lose jobs, and we lose money." In fact MTV has a series of offices that screen, vote, and evaluate videos without consulting Kendall.

"Cable affiliates are very sensitive," Kendall says. "It's very easy for them to pull MTV from their cable package. So we have to be careful."

"Careful" meant rejecting Ministry's "Burning Inside" video because it depicted a stuntman set on fire. And according to a Sub Pop Records spokesperson, a Mudhoney video, "Here Comes Sickness," was rejected because the line "Dog sniffing at her crotch" was degrading to women, and a TAD video because band members held knives and chainsaws and the lead singer wasn't pleasant-looking.

But most independent labels still support *120 Minutes* and its existence. "It's a necessary outlet and stepping-stone for bands to get airplay and onto major labels," says Ron Coleman at SST Records.

"*120 Minutes* will be around as long as there is alternative music," Kendall says. "It will develop and mutate as the music it showcases does. But MTV," he adds, "will always remain an easy target. It's something hip people love to hate, and something other people love to love. But everybody's watching."

DANIEL FIDLER

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES BOZZINI. MORRISEY PHOTO BY LAURENCE WATSON

COLLEZIONE

When your heart tells you what to wear.

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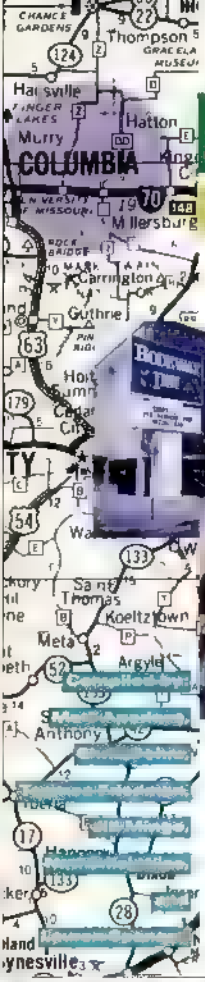
Z. CAVARICCI

THE COLD ROCK STUFF

Missouri Style



Bob G. checked out before he even checked in ("How do you open the windows?" There are no windows to open, sir. "Where's the Ramada?"), but the rest made the best of the fifth floor, along with touring Sonic Youth, Bad Company, and Dread Zeppelin on their way through town. A convenient walk from campus and the Blue Note, the Roadkill Inn, as we dubbed it, did lack room service and pay-per-view, preventing us from setting any expense account records.

Rodeway Inn

Nitro Cola

Conceived and packaged to look just like a beer, Nitro Cola is "the first super-premium dry cola." Although it contains no alcohol, Nitro does have the maximum limit allowed of caffeine and less sugar than the average cola. At about $5 a six-pack, this premium cola carries a premium price tag. Looks cool, tastes great. $20.00 per case (plus shipping). Nitro Cola, Inc., (314) 533-7330.

Mini Thins

Epheredine hydrochlonde --better known as Mini Thin, the trucker's drug. Little white tabs that are amazing study aids and will keep you focused for hours on that pile of homework. Although they're legal, Mini Thins can only be found at truck stops. They give you a slightly euphoric feeling and do not increase your heart rate. They were recently referred to on that barometer of culture, *Twin Peaks*.

BON JOVI

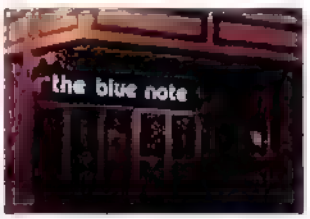
For a free 36" x 11" poster of this ad, send 69¢ in check or money order (no cash) for handling, payable to Memorex Poster Offer, Dept. 3730, Lubbock, Texas 79491.

Material chronicling previous [illegible]

STREETSIDE RECORDS

Streetside Records and the Blue Note Nightclub

Every SPINster that went to Columbia brought something back home with him or her —some more than others—but at the very least an appreciation of smalltown friendliness and an overblown sense of self-celebrity. What other record store or club would be cool enough to hang up SPIN banners? A big thanks to Pennsylvania-bred owners Kevin Walsh (Streetside) and Richard King (Blue Note) for showing us why they chose this Midwest college town as their home, and for making our days there much happier



Tavern of choice for the cool cats of Columbia, Missouri, it served as field rest and relaxation and a place to observe college life. During our two week stay the SPIN staff managed to double the bar's takings.

East Ash, *from left*: Dino English, Jeff Rogers, Bob Brass, and Rob Durando.

MO Better Music

East Ash is an intense four-piece band that formed in 1986 in Columbia, with—despite the band's protestations to the contrary—a decidedly European flavor. Their first album, *Crushing a Flood*, made it onto the college-music charts, and a second album will soon be out on C'est le Mort Records. On any given night you can find a wide range of live music in town: from the funk outfit Spankin' Rufus to pop-ethereal The Passion, to the folksy sound of Dreamhouse.

In search of Columbia, Missouri's perfect cup of joe, we adopted Flo as our own coffee achiever mascot.

EAST ASH PHOTO BY CARRIE LEECH

F!*%&CC You Too: The Federal Communications Commission's War on Alternative Radio

The government's war on drugs may have reached a standstill, but its war on radio has just begun. And as with most wars, the action began with an isolated incident. On August 31, 1986, North Hollywood, California's KPFK aired an excerpt from *Jerker*, a play by Robert Chesley about a gay man's struggle with AIDS. Because of its graphic sexual content, the station ran two disclaimers and scheduled the work between 10:00 P.M. and 6:00 A.M., the time previously established as radio's "safe harbor."

Sometime after 10:00 P.M., the Reverend Larry Poland was driving along an L.A. highway and heard the broadcast. Poland, president of conservative media-watch group MasterMedia International Inc., promptly sent a complaint to the Federal Communications Commission.

After calling Poland to say they had decided to "take this one all the way to the Supreme Court" and that Poland was "going to be famous," the FCC warned KPFK and invited the Justice Department to prosecute the station on obscenity charges. In addition, the commission warned two other stations, Santa Barbara's KCSB and Philadelphia's WYSP, that they had also been accused of airing material deemed indecent.

Although the FCC has continually insisted that the main targets of its guidelines are so-called shock jocks, stations have been warned against broadcasting certain acclaimed works, like Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*, and in one instance a station was even fined for spinning Prince's "Erotic City." Reaching far beyond the infamous "seven dirty words," the FCC has widened its definition of radio "indecency" to include any language that depicts or describes any sexual or excretory activities or organs in terms "patently offensive to contemporary community standards."

On April 29, 1988, under commissioner Dennis Patrick, the FCC issued a public notice to all licensees in the nation, warning them that the "generic" definition of indecency set forth in the KPFK case was now in effect. In August 1989, the reins of the commission were handed over to Alfred Sikes, former head of the National Telecommunications and Information Administration, who claimed to support deregulation and less government interference in broadcasting. Yet only 17 days after Sikes assumed the chairmanship, the FCC initiated actions against three radio stations. And within one year, the commission investigated 95 more radio and TV indecency complaints from Patrick's administration.

Though Sikes refused to be interviewed for this piece, during a recent speech at the University of Missouri he insisted he would "continue strongly to object to laws which would have government substitute its judgment for that of the individual." Yet only five months earlier, on the *Larry King Show*, Sikes acknowledged that the FCC anti-indecency actions amounted to the isolated censorship of particular stations. "In very limited circumstances," Sikes said, "we are telling them what to do."

Sikes has continually emphasized the importance of "family values" in the media. "*Religious leaders must help guide our minds* [our italics]," he said in his speech. "In too many instances, the family fails to shelter the naive or the unsophisticated."

Until 1987, the FCC acknowledged the "safe harbor" from 10:00 P.M. to 6:00 A.M. on the grounds that children would be asleep. When national art critic Senator Jesse Helms romrodded a 24-hour indecency ban through Congress, a court temporarily stayed the proposal, instructing the FCC to conduct an inquiry. On July 12, 1990, the commission concluded that because children (now defined as anyone under 17) might be listening at any time, a total indecency ban was indeed necessary.

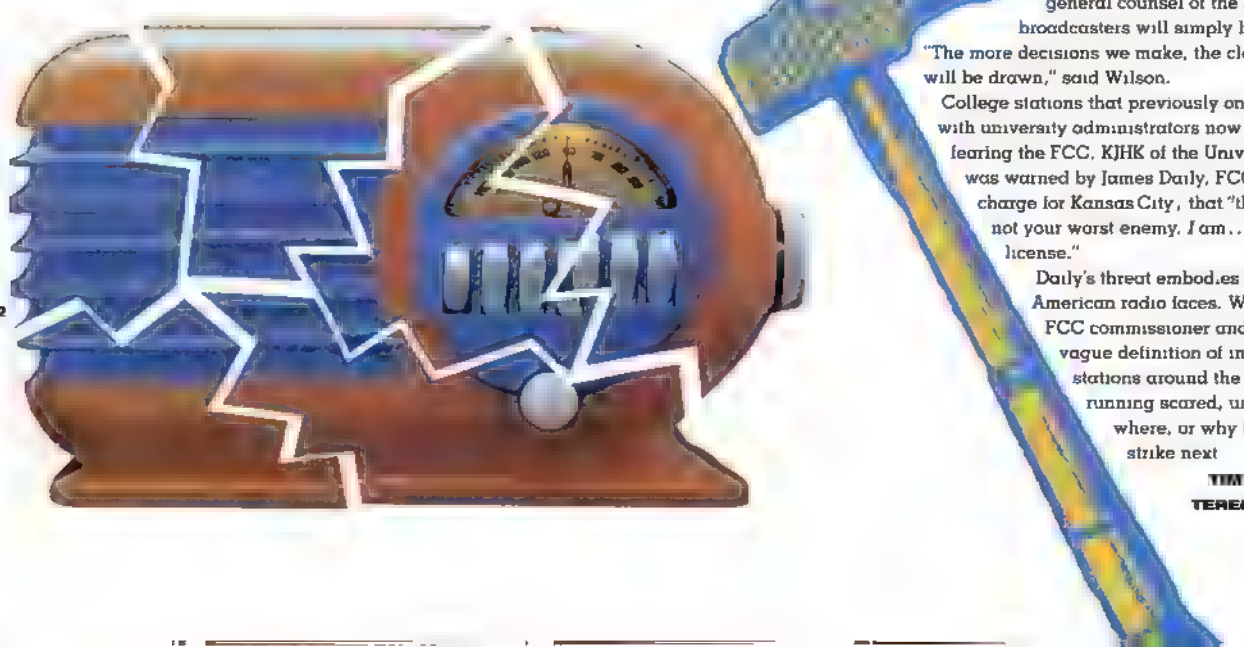
DJs and program directors around the nation have become increasingly wary of the FCC's vague definition of "indecency." The now forbidden "sexual or excretory references" could include anything from Aerosmith's "Love in an Elevator" to classical R&B sexual metaphors. No one knows for sure what the FCC will find "patently offensive."

Chairman Sikes claims that broadcasters can determine what is indecent by reviewing programming that the FCC has already deemed so. But many wonder how that applies to something such as "Erotic City," which had been played at hundreds of other stations before KLUC was fined. The National Association of Broadcasters has requested a formal rule book, but Sandy Wilson, special counsel to the general counsel of the FCC, says broadcasters will simply have to wait. "The more decisions we make, the clearer the lines will be drawn," said Wilson.

College stations that previously only faced conflict with university administrators now find themselves fearing the FCC. KJHK of the University of Kansas was warned by James Daily, FCC engineer-in-charge for Kansas City, that "the university is not your worst enemy. *I* am . . . I can take your license."

Daily's threat embodies the predicament American radio faces. With a wavering FCC commissioner and a hopelessly vague definition of indecency, stations around the country are running scared, unsure of when, where, or why the FCC will strike next.

TIM APODACA AND TERENCE FRIEDMAN



The University of Missouri, Columbia, exists in the shadow of a nuclear project called TRUMP-S. Is the pursuit of technology worth the risk of contamination?

Hey, My Professor Is Glowing

"What your researchers in Columbia are trying to find is a cheap way to get bomb material," says Dan Hirsch, president of the Committee to Bridge the Gap, an antinuclear organization based in California. But Rockwell International, the company funding the project, says TRUMP-S exists simply as an experiment in nuclear-waste disposal.

Transuranic Management by Pyropartitioning Separation (TRUMP-S) is a controversial nuclear-research project now being done at the University of Missouri, Columbia. The project involves separating the most radioactive elements from nuclear waste. If TRUMP-S were successful, 90 percent of spent nuclear fuel could be separated and disposed of in existing burial sites, according to Rockwell. Hirsch thinks otherwise. He says the waste will be left in "cheap surface dump sites," not underground repositories.

The $100 million nuclear facility, where the project is being conducted, stands on the Missouri campus within sight of the football field and dorms. Hirsch says the experiments, besides being a danger to both the environment and the community, could contribute to the proliferation of nuclear weapons. But Mark Gabler, program manager at Rocketdyne, the division of Rockwell operating the field labs, says the radioactive elements being separated are not "in a purity that could be used for weapons materials."

Critics cite Rockwell's poor safety record and the company's failure to solicit public opinion on TRUMP-S. Hirsch and his supporters say Rockwell tried to keep the project a secret. They discovered a memo in which Rockwell had advised MU officials not to inform the public of TRUMP-S until the deal was finalized. Rockwell officials claim this is standard procedure.

Mark Hain, president of the Mid-Missouri Nuclear Freeze, says, "I think the university did itself and the community a huge disservice. I think they displayed an arrogance and lack of concern for democratic process that I find appalling."

In mid-October 1990, it seemed like Hirsch's long battle against TRUMP-S might finally come to an end. Administrative Judge Peter Bloch issued a temporary stay, questioning the amount of plutonium that was being used and the safety of the project. But one month later, the stay was lifted. Certainly the battle isn't over, and both sides feel the dispute will wind up in the federal courts.

TODD NATENBERG

TALE OF THE TAPE

Elliot Jaspin is using government public-access tapes to turn newspaper reporting into a computer science.

Mild-mannered investigative reporter Elliot Jaspin turned into Superman when he stepped into a computer room six years ago. The Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, at that time working for Rhode Island's *Providence Journal Bulletin*, first turned to computers when paper documentation for a news story he was working on was inaccessible. Since then, using tapes purchased from the government, Jaspin has become a forerunner in the field of computer-assisted reporting. Random facts can now be matched up and analyzed from millions of public records, ranging from driver's license files to toxic-waste release reports.

"I can go through a half million records in an hour, and do things that would be impossible for a team of reporters to do by hand in weeks," says Jaspin. "As a tool of analysis, this is mind-boggling."

In 1988 Jaspin received a fellowship from the Gannett Center for Media Studies at Columbia University to make the data accessible to most newsrooms across the country by personal computer. Last year he founded the Missouri Institute for Computer-Assisted Reporting at the University of Missouri to train reporters and editors with the technique. Jaspin is now setting up Datacore, a system in which papers across the country can tap into his Missouri mainframe.

Jaspin recently made the *NBC Nightly News* when his computer analyzed thousands of FDA Medical Device Reports and uncovered a company that was manufacturing defective heart defibrillators. Despite his success, he maintains a sense of humor about the power of his system. "The St. Louis *Post Dispatch* used it to match up Missouri death records against voter registration files for East St. Louis and found a large number of dead people voting," he explains. "It's one of those classic good news-bad news stories. We were able to use a computer to finally prove there's an afterlife. But the bad news is that it's in East St. Louis."

MARK BLACKWELL

BOTTOM RIGHT: LAUREN LANTOS AND GREG PETERS TOP: MARGARET BENTLAGE

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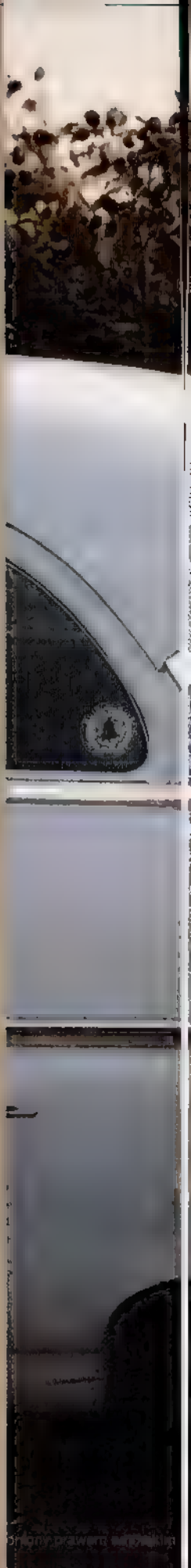

GOING FOR BAROQUE

The oracles of Athens, Georgia, return with *Out of Time*, their first album in nearly two and a half years. Presenting Mark and Jim's excellent adventure with R.E.M. By MARK BLACKWELL and JIM GREER.

IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT, AND WE'RE DRUNK

4:50 A.M. Wednesday morning

"NAH, YOU GUYS shouldn't leave yet! Let's jam!" A party-worn Bill Berry ushers the two burned-out but happy SPIN writers into a side room of his house, away from the few straggling survivors of his Christmas party. The room contains a couch, a television, and a lone electric guitar. In a tiny bathroom off to one side, gold records are crammed on the walls from the floor to the ceiling. The R.E.M. drummer picks up the unplugged guitar and begins to stumble around the room strumming furiously. "What are we supposed to do?" Mark asks. Jim spots a keyboard in a nearby closet. "I could play

Photographs by Anton Corbijn

Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim

this," he offers. "Hey man, don't you touch that!" Bill warns. Jam session's over.

OVER TWO YEARS AGO, in November 1988, on the same day that George Bush was elected President, R.E.M. released its last and most successful album, *Green*. After a lengthy world tour, numerous side projects, and time off in Athens, Georgia, the band is now set to release its long awaited follow-up, *Out of Time*. The new record is the band's most personal album to date, sidestepping politics in favor of what singer Michael Stipe describes as "memory and time and love." *Out of Time* explores new instrumentations (strings, horns, harpsichords ...) and for the first time brings in guest vocalists (B-52's Kate Pierson, KRS-One) to flesh out the sound. The band also breaks from its traditional lineup by trading instruments on many cuts.

R.E.M.'s graduation from the college-rock ghetto in which they'd toiled for years to near-arena rock status should have been cause for celebration. The only comparable graduate of this period was possibly U2, but anyone who has seen the masturbatory *Rattle and Hum* or heard the band's butchered version of Cole Porter's classic "Night and Day" will realize that R.E.M. survived the eighties with, if not more success, at least more credibility. At the very least, R.E.M.'s achievements meant that college radio would no longer be plagued with legions of R.E.M. wannabes, now that the band was no longer a hip influence. Instead, longtime fans cried sellout and critics yawned, having long ago written off the band as having betrayed its early promise.

Which is stupid. *Out of Time* serves as a reminder that R.E.M. has never played by the established rules, that they're as far from a mainstream band now as they were from a "college radio" band (whatever that's supposed to be) then. The new record will undoubtedly be played to death on college radio anyway, despite doubts voiced by Michael Stipe, and it'll probably sell millions. This unusual combination makes R.E.M. either an anomaly or an ideal, depending on your perspective.

R.E.M. stand in the place where they are. *from left*, Peter Buck, Mike Mills, Michael Stipe, and Bill Berry.

EXCLUSIVE GUIDE TO ROCK STARS' HOMES IN ATHENS, GEORGIA
3:20 PM. Monday afternoon

BROOKE JOHNSON, R.E.M.'s lovely, talented, and ruthlessly organized assistant, returns from lunch to find Mark and Jim busy at work in her office. Jim is beginning this story on the official R.E.M. typewriter, while Mark thumbs through a Rolodex, copying down the addresses of as many famous rock stars as he can. "You guys reek," Brooke says by way of greeting. "What have you been doing?"

The two SPIN writers had arrived promptly at 11:00 that morning, and had met Brooke along with band manager Jefferson Holt (immortalized by the line in *Reckoning*'s "Little America," "Jefferson, I think we're lost") and Bert Downs, R.E.M.'s lawyer. Nice people. Upon discovering that the band was tied up in a photo shoot, Mark and Jim set about interviewing several local bartenders. But finally things seemed to be getting underway.

Soon Michael Stipe arrives. He needs to run some errands, so Mark and Jim offer to drive him around.

MICHAEL: We need to go by my house for a second, but you have to swear to God never to tell anybody where it is.
MARK: Don't worry. You can trust us.
MICHAEL: No I can't. I've been burned by journalists too many times.
JIM: Don't worry.
MICHAEL: You guys want a raw carrot?
MARK AND JIM: Sure.

(Michael pulls a bunch of carrots out of his leather bag. Later, as Mark slams on brakes to avoid killing a cat, the singer's bag falls to the floorboard and spills out a pile of little brown cubes.)

MARK: Sorry about that.
MICHAEL: It's okay. You guys want some of this baked tofu?
MARK AND JIM: Sure.

(Michael gives directions to a friend's place, where in the backyard, in the midst of a jungle of tangled vines, a huge oak tree covered in strings of lights harbors an elaborate house high in its branches. The three climb up the tree and get down to business.)

SPIN: Why did you call the new album *Out of Time*?
MICHAEL: Out of sheer desperation. We had some great names for it, but none of them were applicable to the entire record. When we were fishing around for names, we talked to people that worked at Paisley Park [Prince's Minneapolis studios, where the new album was mixed], and there was one secretary that everybody was endeared to because she dressed really well. We said, "The record is about memory and time and love," and she said, "In time," and Mike said, "Out of time," and that was it.
SPIN: Like the Rolling Stones' song?
MICHAEL: What? Do they have a song called that? Well, fuck 'em *(laughs)*. But, I think there are a lot of meanings to it. Now that we're aging dinosaurs.
SPIN: You could get Hüsker Dü back together and do a Dinosaurs of College Rock tour.
MICHAEL: Yeah, there you go. We decided today to do our next photo session sitting in a public park around a chess board. We can wear those little hats and funny shoes. But, I really don't feel old as a per-

former. I never felt "in," so it would be hard to feel "out." I don't have a good understanding of my celebrity. I don't walk around thinking I'm famous. Spending a month at Prince's studio and seeing him around, I realized what that must be like. But I have my own definition of myself which far exceeds the definitions that are made into the public image.

SPIN: What are people's misconceptions?

MICHAEL: There's only a certain degree to which someone who doesn't actually know you can understand you. The information you get about any kind of artist's personality from his or her work may be conflicting within itself, but it does tend to point toward what this person is about. This is their aesthetic. This is what they appreciate. Looking at someone through their creative output is a blurred vision, but it really can be a very beautiful one. I just don't think that it gets you closer to what that person is truly about.

SPIN: What about the Michael Stipe mystique?

MICHAEL: Yeah, there's all this stuff that goes around and most of it's not true. Or blown out of proportion. That just comes with the celebrity thing. I think Faulkner got it. People in his town called him Count No Count because he walked around with a high collar. Simply because he enjoyed it. What a wack. Eccentricity is an easy face to put on, because you can get away with anything. There's a history of people who spend the last half of their lives trying to debunk their celebrated eccentric tag and convince people how normal they are. I certainly don't want to fall in to that. Ultimately, I don't give a shit what people think about me. It's probably a modern phenomenon that one has to know so much about the creator of something. It's all pretty one-dimensional and single-faceted, and I think that maybe really smart people like Madonna who really want to climb the ladder can latch on to one thing, change it a lot, but basically remain the same. Her thing, of course, is sex and power, and it obviously works.

SPIN: Why are there no politics on the new record?

MICHAEL: It's kind of like . . . how can I say it without sounding like I think I'm the leader of a movement? Everybody does it now. And as a lyricist I shouldn't be shackled to this image that every song I write has to be about the plight of the homeless or the environment. You can only go so far writing songs like that and get away with it. I can't do it all the time, and I don't want to pigeonhole myself into being a political folk singer in a rock band. Every song on this record is a love song. Anything political is just an undercurrent. That's something we've just never done before. I've written love songs, but they were pretty obscure and oblique. These songs deal with every kind of love—except maybe love of country.

SPIN: What about accusations that you guys are "sellouts"?

MICHAEL: I understand that. I remember when Blondie did "Heart of Glass" I said, "Sold out, see ya. I'm moving back to the Slits," or whatever, and when Gang of Four put out *Hard*, I was like, "Oh fuck, here we go!" I listen to that record now and it's amazing. When something that's considered secret and wonderful is revealed to the world, it becomes a little less wonderful. It's time to find something new. That's a legitimate and healthy cycle. But I think we're still great, and I don't think I have blinders on. I had no desires or goals at the beginning. We never had any idea of what was possible. We've done pretty incredible things in ten years and I'm proud of it. I spent a great deal of time doing it.

SPIN: If you could go back would you do it all over again?

MICHAEL: I'm an unbelievably happy person now, so I'd say, "Fuck yeah, I'd do it again."

TEN THINGS LEARNED BY CRACK SPIN JOURNALISTS WHILE HAVING DINNER WITH MICHAEL STIPE LATER AT THE GRIT, A VERY GOOD VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT:

1. He has a thing about small spoons, and will only use large ones.
2. He owns the building in which the restaurant is located, but still has to pay for his food.
3. He can crack his chest, a trait he shares with Jim.
4. He once spent the Swedish equivalent of the Fourth of July on a ship in a harbor in Stockholm with several people, none of whom he knew.
5. The worst year of his life was when he was 25, but he won't say why.
6. When strangers approach him he sometimes denies he's Michael Stipe even though "it's a hard thing to deny sometimes."
7. The future home of C-00, the film company he founded with Jim McKay, is above the restaurant.
8. He bought the building partly because he used to squat there.
9. When he finishes his soup he picks up the bowl and slurps from it, which Jim thinks is disgusting, but Mark defends by saying that the Japanese do that, too.
10. He keeps his hat on when he eats.

"When something that's considered secret and wonderful is revealed to the world, it becomes a little less wonderful. It's time to find something new. That's a legitimate and healthy cycle. But I think we're still great, and I don't think I have blinders on." —Stipe on selling out

ATHENS DRINKING INSIDE AND OUT
10:30 P.M. Monday night

TEN MORE THINGS LEARNED BY SLIGHTLY INEBRIATED BUT NO LESS CRACK SPIN JOURNALISTS ABOUT MICHAEL STIPE WHILE IN THE GLOBE BAR:

1. He won't let Mark wear his hat.
2. He does much of his Christmas shopping from catalogs. Late.
3. He thinks Jim has beautiful teeth.
4. His favorite shape is the elongated diamond.
5. He usually gets up early, except today when he slept until 12:30 P.M., which was the first time he'd done that since the sixth grade.
6. He thinks Jim and Mark's band, which they tricked him into listening to earlier in the car, should be named Preface.
7. His much rumored solo album is indeed a "horrible rumor."
8. If he were to do a solo project, it might be a disco record.
9. He thinks Jim is an "old fart," because he's only 30 and already cynical about college radio.
10. After reading what Jim had hazily written at the office earlier (which began, "R.E.M. Story: We flew to Mark's house in Greenville. This girl was mean to us. We borrowed Mark's mom's car. We drove to Athens. We can't find anyone who is in the band. Now we're drunk . . . "), he said, "I trust you guys now. You're going to write a good story."

3:00 A.M. Tuesday morning in front of the Globe bar

SPIN: What do you think of R.E.M.? We're down here doing a story on them for SPIN magazine.

GIRL: Yeah, right.

SPIN: No, really.

GIRL: It's just not a cool thing to like R.E.M. around here.

GUY: She's speaking from like three years ago. Don't listen to her.

GUY 2: We've always liked R.E.M.

GIRL 2: These guys are in a band, too.

SPIN: Ever played with R.E.M.?

GUY 3: Michael Stipe gave us a ride home the other night. We highly recommend him as our cabbie.

GUY 4: He's a musical whore.

SPIN: What?

GUY 4: He'll hop on the stage with just anybody, anywhere.

GIRL: To get back to it, everybody hates R.E.M. around here. They're so big.

GUY 2: Man! There's the dichotomy right there. If R.E.M. played here tonight, everyone would go wild. They're superstars.

GIRL 3: People are just jealous. There are ten thou-

sand and one bands here who want to be R.E.M.
GUY: They don't belong to Athens anymore. They belong to the world.

GET UP

SLEEP ENGENDERS SLEEP. It feeds on itself, reproduces, revolves in an endlessly soporific cycle. The more you sleep, the more you . . . sleep.

Guitarist Peter Buck rarely gets up before noon.

"Daylight's nice, but I can get plenty of it after one in the afternoon," he explains.

It's important to know the sleeping habits of the people you interview. Then you can separate the normal people, like Peter, from the weirdos—like Bill.

"Bill wants to see you at nine tomorrow," says Brooke, late Monday night at the Globe.

"Um, nine in the evening, right?" asks Jim.

"No, tomorrow night's his party. He means nine in the morning. After his eye appointment."

"Mark, you can handle this one alone, can't you?" asks Jim. "After all, he's only the drummer."

11:30 A.M. Tuesday morning

JIM AND MARK make it to lunch with Bill, who luckily is delayed by his earlier appointments, but unfortunately is hurried by an impending photo shoot at noon.

R.E.M.'s back.

SPIN: What about the new Hindu Love Gods' record?
BILL: That was recorded one night over three years ago while we were working on Warren Zevon's *Sentimental Hygiene* record. We did it literally in about the time it takes to listen to it. We all went to dinner, and I guess some of us got more plowed than we should have, and we came back and just had fun in the studio. I think it's really great, but unfortunately there's a whole side to it that's very black and ugly.
SPIN: What does that mean?
BILL: Basically we were exploited. We love Warren and don't regret doing it at all, but his management at the record company kept begging us to support it with publicity and a tour or something. But we can't just drop what we're doing. It was just one fun drunken night long ago. We refused to appear in the video, and now they have a version with our heads cut off. I mean, we hardly even appear in our own videos.
SPIN: Any other side projects?
BILL: When R.E.M.'s over I'll do more. I'm probably lazier in that way than the other guys. Life's too short. When I'm off, I'm off. I play golf, ski, go to my lake house. When I'm 40, bald, and getting a little rounder, I'll think about those things.

TEN THINGS LEARNED QUICKLY ABOUT DRUMMER BILL BERRY

1. He'd hate to be in Tesla.
2. Freddy from Cinderella, who recorded at Bearsville Studio in Woodstock, New York, the same time as R.E.M., sent him a Christmas card.
3. He doesn't like flying.
4. He can see much better after his eye appointment.
5. He thinks that "jazz theory" is a contradiction in terms.
6. He feels sorry for hungover Jim this morning because "Nobody needs to be that miserable."
7. His favorite song on the new album is "Country Feedback."
8. On the last album it was "Turn You Inside Out."
9. His tape of the new album has an extra song on it.
10. He's afraid people will show up at his party too early.

LET'S GET MIKEY, HE'LL EAT ANYTHING

3:10 P.M. Tuesday afternoon

R.E.M. IS WRAPPING UP its photo shoot in the abandoned furniture store that Peter owns, soon to be converted into the new home of Athens' famous 40 Watt Club. Mark accompanies bassist Mike Mills to a nearby haberdashery to find the bassist a proper bow tie for Bill's party.
MARK: I have to go see if I can wake Jim up.
MIKE: I'll meet you at the restaurant. What do you guys like on your pizza?
MARK: Pepperoni's cool.
MIKE: Okay, great.

(By the time Mark and Jim arrive at the restaurant, the bassist is reading the newspaper in a rage.)

SPIN: What's wrong?
MIKE: This is the most disgusting thing I've ever seen! The name of this new Barbara Mandrell record is *No Nonsense*. They're gonna have coupons for panty hose in the record. It's sick!
SPIN: You should give out coupons for *Out of Time* watches.
MIKE: Yeah. We turn down most of the commercial stuff. It's horrid. You can tell Eric Clapton, Phil Collins, Steve Winwood, and Pete Townshend they can shove it. Corporate sponsorship is the way of the world, and it's futile to fight it, but I don't have to like it. All the old science-fiction novels used to say corporations would take over everything in the future. Now it's true. I don't care what bands say.

continued on page 84

EASTPAK

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ANIMALS IN THE HOUSE:

STATE OF THE FRAT NATION

GREEK FRATERNITIES ARE a civilization threatened with extinction. Besieged by feminist and ethnic-minority activists, concerned faculties, and the families of victims of rape and hazing deaths, frats are downright desperate to distance themselves from the increasingly violent incidents that fraternities seem by their very nature to breed. Some Greeks are working to catch up with a sober, just-say-no America finally opening up to excluded minorities, while others seem determined to go out with a gang bang.

Though frat crimes are nothing new, image- and money-conscious administrators traditionally seem happy to let their most prosperous and generous alumni constituencies run free. (Frat alumni in 1985 earned an average of $73,000 per year.)

But colleges are having a harder time ignoring frat excesses (*see* Dirty Deeds, *below*) that galvanize opponents and embarrass the high-minded purposes of college life. When University of Pennsylvania Zeta Beta Tau brothers allegedly penetrated a black stripper with a bottle at a rush function, administrators were forced to suspend the frat after black and feminist activists protested. And due to efforts of groups like CHUCK (Committee to Halt Useless College Killings), 35 states now have antihazing statutes on the books.

Concerned academics warn that frat rituals like hazing are effective tools of social integration that won't die easily. Anthropologist Peggy Reeves Sanday argues in her book *Fraternity Gang Rape* that "having resorted to abuse as a means to establish their bond to their brotherhood, the newly confirmed brothers resort to abusing others—new generations of pledges and party women—to uphold the original contract."

Despite the activist blitz, frat membership hit an all-time high in 1990 of 400,000, up from a low of 149,000 in 1972. Bernice Sandler of the Association of American Colleges attributes the increased popularity to a "swing toward conservatism." Greeks of the '90s hope to save themselves with reforms and more do-gooder projects: requiring rape sensitivity and alcohol awareness programs, becoming more grade-conscious, and sponsoring social service projects. Last spring, Rutgers University's Sigma Chi chapter raised $15,000 for muscular dystrophy. But Tuck Wesolowski, who joined Alpha Tau Omega at Penn just one semester after the chapter was entangled in a highly publicized gang rape, didn't join to serve: "I joined for the free beer and a place to hang out."

Some schools don't see a need for reforms, yet. In 1989, when a hazed Fort Valley State College Kappa Alpha Psi pledge suffered dehydration and kidney dysfunction, the college did nothing, and the pledge joined the frat anyway. And although campus rape is now a hot issue—and closely linked to frats—it is still a largely untreated problem. Disciplinary boards for students, while well equipped to judge cheating and the like, are inadequate and often unwilling to deal with charges as serious as rape. As one student claims, "The rapist and the school with its reputation at stake are perceived as the victims of rape, not the woman," claims one student. And while a few schools have begun to create rape crisis centers, most stress recovery from the trauma of rape and not prosecution.

Lately, the Greek system has received such criticism that some schools, such as Colby College, have suspended frats altogether. The faculties at both Colgate and Bucknell voted to wipe out their frat systems, but this fall trustees at both schools—many of them Greeks themselves—decided instead on reforms. Reforms and disciplinary action may in fact prove more realistic than trying to eliminate a system so entrenched in college life (Colby's frat students are reportedly keeping the faith silently). Some incorrigible frats have been rehabilitated through four-year suspensions that clear out membership. After being suspended for a grisly hazing in 1985, Arizona State's Phi Gamma Delta has re-emerged as the Milquetoast house, with the highest GPA. They even won the spring 1990 campus blood drive.

Perhaps the most serious reform yet, at least for die-hard Greeks, is the situation at Middlebury College (and possibly in the near future, Bowdoin and Wesleyan). Drinking is not banned, nor is sex. They can keep their recreational drugs, their loud parties, and their sophomoric pranks. But they're going coed.

Nathaniel Wice and Miguel Giron

DIRTY DEEDS

November 1990: University of Texas Sigma Nu pledge is allegedly beaten with a broomstick and walked on by brothers wearing boots. His jeans are set on fire, and he is dragged around a room by a cloth tied to his testicles. After an anonymous phone tip, his mother finds him hiding in a dorm closet. The pledge leaves school and the frat is suspended. An Austin grand jury is reviewing the case.

November 1990: University of Rhode Island freshman wanders upstairs at a Tau Kappa Epsilon bash, where she is allegedly raped by a tall man wearing a pledge pin. At least five brothers watch; two or three keep her from dressing afterward. Six-foot-seven pledge Dave Lallemand is arrested but victim can't positively identify him. Hours before police interrogation, one alleged witness kills himself.

September 1990: Three Sigma Chi members at the University of Texas reportedly attack inactive brother jogging near campus. According to the victim, they pin him to the ground and attempt to carve the letters of the fraternity onto his face. Police are investigating the incident.

September 1990: Tulane University Delta Tau Delta brothers grab law student Peggy Gereighty as she is walking by a party, take her books and purse, and toss her into a pit of "noxious brownish liquid." The frat ridicules her when she files a police report. The university dissolves the 102-year-old chapter, and Gereighty is suing.

April 1990: Masked by a pillowcase, a University of Vermont Acacia pledge is led to the frat attic where brothers spell out his faults. Told he's not getting close enough to the brothers, the pledge admits he's gay. Acacia boots him. The Greek Judicial Board orders them to refund his $75 pledge fee and hold in-house programs about homosexuality.

March 1990: Arizona State graduate settles for $30,000 with Phi Gamma Delta for psychological damages he suffered during hazing incidents in 1985. He was deprived of sleep, forced to do two thousand push-ups a day, and made to crawl around on his elbows in a "degrading" position. After two years of probation, the frat is back

March 1990: St. John's University sophomore is forced to engage in group oral sex. Six men, including five members of the lacrosse team, are indicted. Though not a frat rape, incident prompts area universities to confront problem. Citing estimates that nearly 90 percent of men involved in gang sexual attacks are frat members or jocks, St. John's targets these groups for rape-sensitivity programs.

February 1990: At Alpha Tau Omega leadership conference, drunk Florida Atlantic University delegate scales the Main Street drawbridge tower in Jacksonville and is zapped by six copper bars carrying 480 volts of electricity. Student falls and dies of either electrocution or a fractured neck.

February 1990: An anonymous UCLA student writes to the school paper claiming she attended a frat party where a brother plied her with "tasty pink punch" until she was too unsteady to fight him off, raped her, and invited a brother to do the same. When three students write in support of the victim they are harassed by phone. One male voice identifies himself as a frat member and invites them to attend a party, "so I can teach you a lesson." The interfraternity council claims sympathy for the victim but does nothing.

January 1990: University of Washington police, acting on a complaint about the Theta Xi house, find pledges in their underwear with white grease in their hands and peanut butter on their bodies in the presence of two "overheated and agitated" sheep. The university says it is powerless because the incident took place off campus, but the national fraternity suspends the chapter. Animals in the

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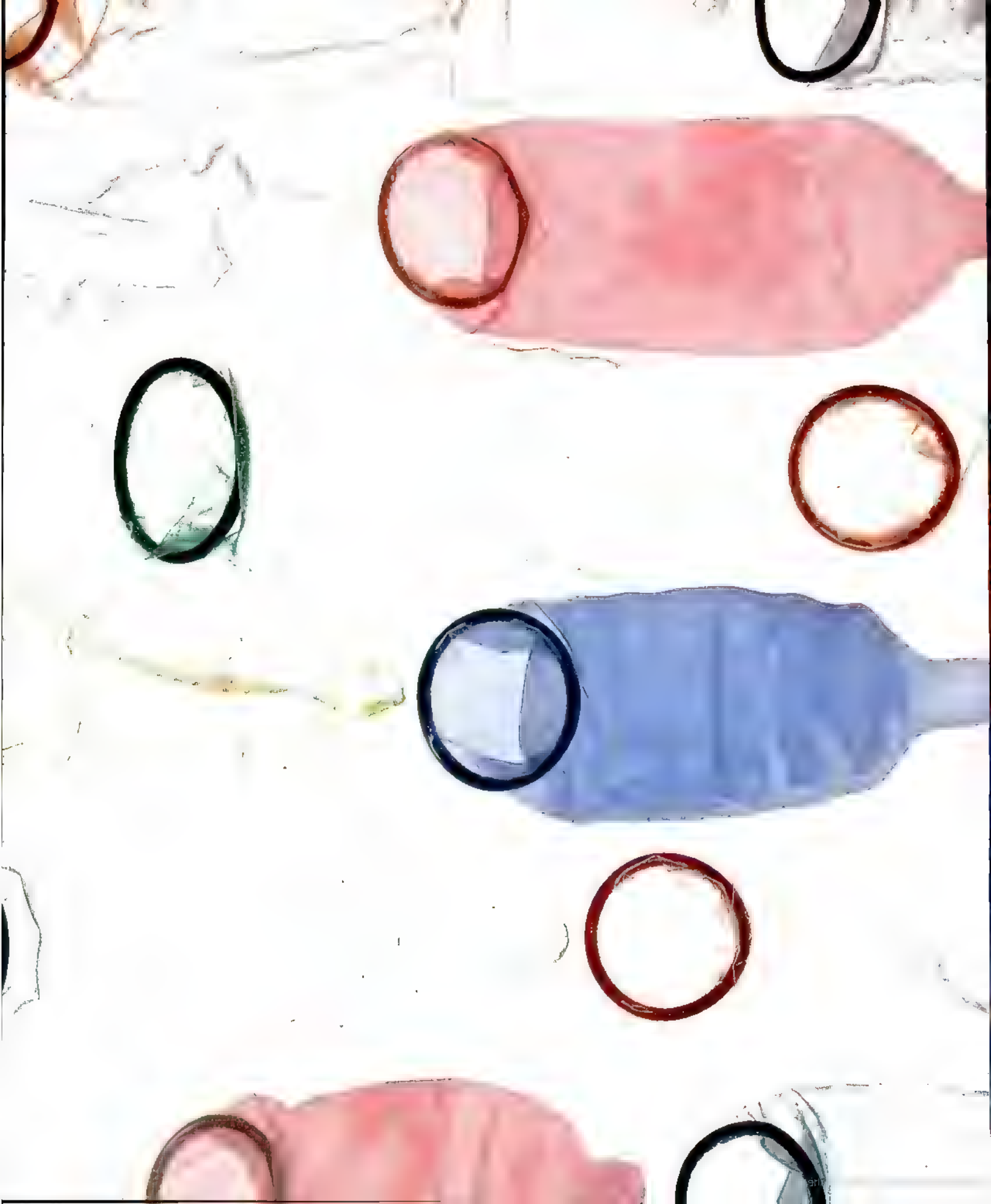
Photo/Art by
Rene Miville



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VIRGINS IN BLACK BUSTIERS

Being accepted into a sorority is for many college women a ritual of passage. Sometimes it's a ritual they weave for themselves about becoming adults. But as Jeffrey Eugenides discovered during his interviews with dozens of sorority women, the reality is rather than art—with all its attendant crises, social

All the events in this story are true. The names and identifying characteristics have been changed.

GIRL YOU KNOW it's true, ohhh, ohhh, ohhh. . . . I love you." Cassandra was wailing along with Milli Vanilli as she stepped out of the shower, ran a towel over her six-foot frame, and slipped on the lime Oriental silk bathrobe her Uncle had brought back from China. Although she shared the bathroom with eight other girls, in a sorority house that numbered 130, Cassandra had gotten into the shower early enough to avoid the Saturday-night rush.

"Hot date, Cassy?" asked Evelyn, a mousy blonde who lived down the hall, as Cassandra scooted down the hall to her room where the Milli Vanilli was blasting.

"Could be, could be!" Cassandra answered with her best wicked smile, and Evelyn returned the pleasantry with one of her own. But it was no good. The exchange bristled with resentment—Evelyn had already been "promised" to her boyfriend, and just last month she had taken the next step to more serious commitment and had become "lavaliered" to her boyfriend. All the girls in the house were aware of her position, having taken part in the rite of passage by assembling in a large dark room and passing a lighted candle from one girl to the next, until it came to Evelyn who blew it out, signaling her sisters that she was the chosen one. If everything went according to plan, Evelyn was on her way to being married. Cassandra, on the other hand, was still out there: getting the dates, going to the frat parties, living the high life. And there was a whiff of jealousy as the two girls passed, each of them thinking the other had the better deal.

"Girl you know it's true, ohhh, ohhh, ohhh. . . .

"I want youuuuu. . . . "

The Milli Vanilli was blasting out of a portable jam box on the shelf inside the lowest bunk bed. INXS and New Order tapes littered the baby-blue down comforter, right there next to Winnie the Pooh, who was sitting upright on the pillow, oblivious to the music.

Cassandra stared into the mirror behind the bedroom door, right at the end of the bunk beds, spraying L'Oréal Free Hold mousse into her hands and running it through her sopping wet hair. She was psyched for this evening—everything was going according to plan. Cassandra and her best friend at school, Simone, were going out to the Zoo for an evening of dancing and flirting with cute guys. And if that didn't work out, there was a frat party happening.

With her face painted, Cassandra let her hair out of the rollers; it fell down in Shirley Temple curls. Exams were over, and she had promised Simone that when they were through it would be time to blow off some steam. To go out and vamp it up. So first came the black lace panties, the black-seamed pantyhose and then the pièce de résistance—the black *bustier*. Cassandra wrapped it around her stomach backward so that the 16 hooks could be fastened from the front. Once it was snapped on tight, she slid it around to the back and pulled the straps up over her shoulders, then lifted each breast and pulled the cups up, locking everything in place.

Next was the black leather skirt cut right above the knees and the black patent-leather heels. But just as she finished sliding on the heels and was making one last primp in front of the mirror, there was a knock on the door. Cassandra popped it open it so fast that she startled her sorority sister, Mary Beth, waiting in the hall.

"Do you have a few minutes? We need you."

"What's the deal, Lucille?" Cassandra was already vamping it up, ready for her night on the town.

"We've had to call an emergency meeting of the standards committee . . . "

"What happened?" Cassandra asked, dropping the vamp routine and falling back into her old responsible self.

"Judy and Felice are in big trouble; it would be better to explain it when we're all together. We're having a secret meeting downstairs in the basement."

Cassandra left the lime Oriental silk robe on the bed and grabbed her roommate's white terry-cloth one, thinking it more proper to wear to the meeting.

Only six of the eight girls on the standards committee could be found on such short notice. The others were already assembled in the basement, the small one hidden under the stairs, by the time Cassandra arrived.

None of the girls that sat on the standards committee wanted to be sitting on the moldy couches in the basement, but duty called. The good name of their house was at stake. As soon as Cassandra was seated, Evelyn, the lavaliered sister, walked out of the room and returned a moment later with the two girls who stood accused of crimes against the sorority.

"It has come to my attention that two of our pledge sisters, Felice and Judy, have been behaving in a way . . . that is . . . conduct unbecoming . . . to this sorority and all it

stands for. . . . " Mary Beth started slowly, choosing her words carefully. As vice president of the sorority it was her job to oversee the standards committee and maintain the house's sterling reputation.

Judy, the one with the long brown hair, round face, and ever-blushing cheeks, was sniffling to herself, her eyes bloodshot from hours of crying. In contrast, Felice, the one with the short blond hair cut in a perky Dorothy Hamill style, was furious, her head erect, eyes locked on Mary Beth, and the veins on her neck protruding. Both girls stood in the center of the room while the charges were revealed.

"It would seem that Felice and Judy are acting in a way that would lead people to believe that this house condones girls becoming *more* than just good friends."

Immediately, the dull formality of the assembled committee was sparked with life as everyone imagined which wicked sins had been committed.

Judy was quietly convulsing, tears streaming down her round cheeks, and Felice wanted to reach out to comfort her but caught herself, realizing why they were there in the first place.

women part of a fairy tale they

LESS NOISE discovered

Greek life imitates real life

disturbances, and tragedies.

"This is ridiculous, who's been saying we're lesbians?" Felice demanded.

"That's not important, and no one here is accusing you of being lesbians." Mary Beth matched Felice's vigor with a force of her own. "But you've both been acting lately in a way that might lead people to *think* you are lesbians, and we thought we'd call it to your attention, discuss it here like adults, and ask you what you're going to do about it."

"And just how are we acting?" Felice wouldn't let it pass that fast.

Evelyn broke in. "Always sitting on each other's lap, always tickling each other, always giggling together. It's just *not* normal behavior, it's very un ladylike and it threatens the reputation of this house."

"But we haven't done anything!" Judy

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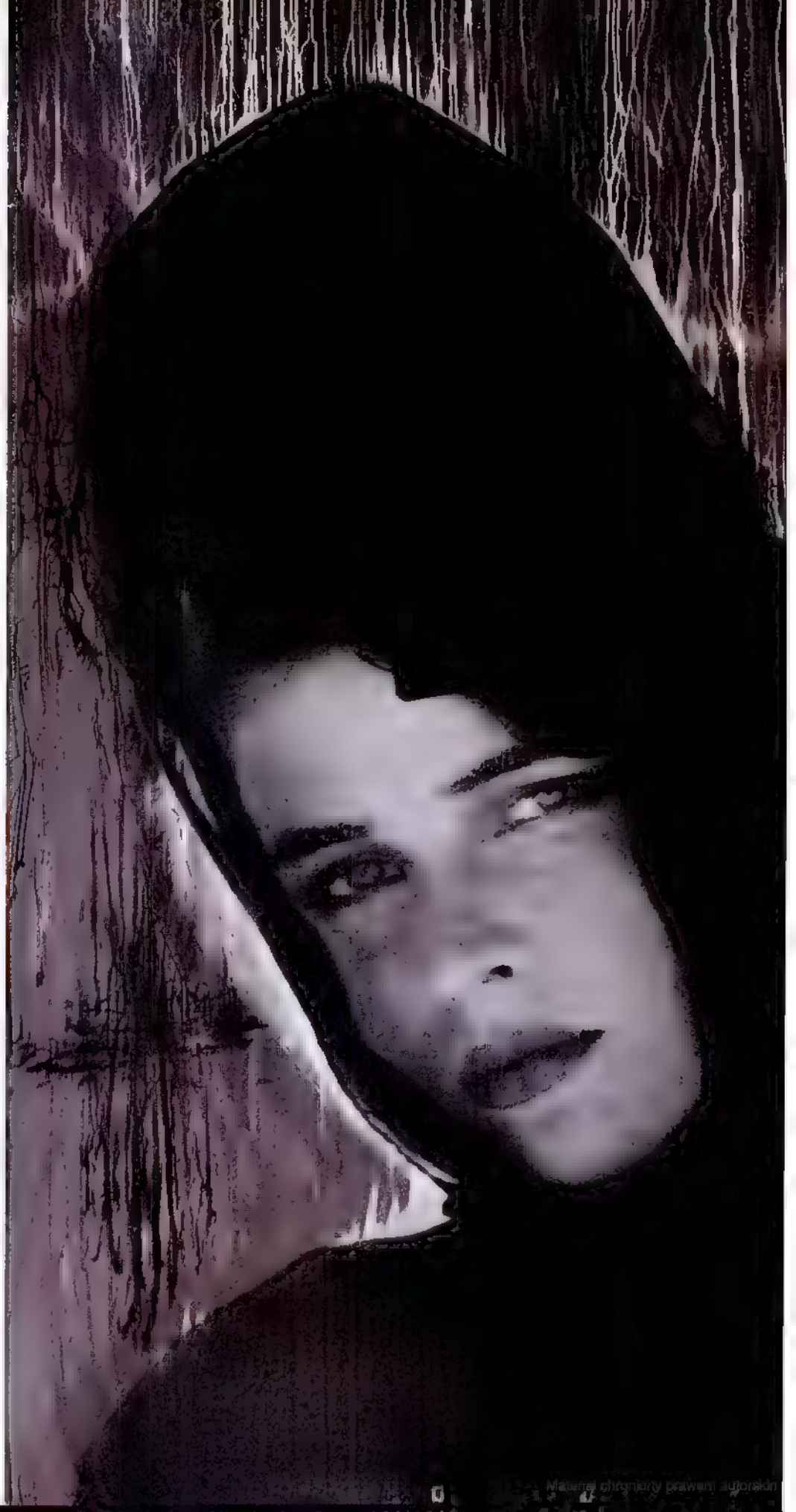
Rene Miville



sobbed.

"Well, you did something, otherwise you wouldn't be here," one of the younger girls on the couches interjected.

Felice looked around the room for a sympathetic face, someone who might recognize the injustice of insinuation, but found only the dull stare of self-involved, preoccupied faces. It was eerie, but there was no momentum in the room, except her own charged feelings, as the girls sat there and waited for Felice to answer the charges of misconduct.

Maybe this sorority thing hadn't been such a great idea after all. But her mother, who had once been a member of that very same house, had wanted her to be involved in things. And something about Felice found the idea of a ready-made social life through the sorority appealing. Felice had imagined tall, dark and handsome fraternity guys with interesting lives and fascinating plans, all lined up and waiting to take her to fabulous parties, romantic dinners and long walks in the rain. Instead she found a bunch of drunken dullards constantly on the make. And the girls in the house weren't much better. She had kidded Judy that they were all there to get their "M.R.S. [Mrs.]degrees." Felice found that, more often than not, her sorority sisters were too involved in their own small thoughts to make any connection with the others. No, for Felice the reality of sorority life was a lot different than she had imagined it.

But Felice knew it was worse for Judy. She knew that her younger, more innocent friend had bought in to the entire package: the kind and generous words on the creeds and mottoes, the prefabricated rituals of undying friendship, the lofty ideals that were mentioned but never practiced. Although for Felice this outrage only served to confirm her worst suspicions, she knew that, for Judy, a congenial girl who had earlier in the year been nominated Most Personable Pledge, the repercussions would be devastating. There was only one thing to do.

Felice spoke quietly, the fight drained from her: "I've been wondering if this life is really for me, and after this nonsense, I don't think it is. . . . I think I would like to deactivate."

"I guess if Felice deactivates immediately, can we consider this entire matter closed? Does any one have any objections?" Mary Beth asked as she looked around the room. None of the girls had anything more to offer. Mary Beth said she would get Felice to sign her deactivation papers in the morning and adjourned the meeting.

Cassandra wanted to tell Felice and Judy how sorry she was for them but thought it best to leave them alone. This wasn't the time. Instead she trooped up the stairs with the others and returned to her room to blow-dry her hair.

It really was a shame, she thought, but the sorority house did have a strict code of conduct, and all the girls knew from the start that their behavior was expected to be beyond reproach.

"And beyond reproach means *beyond* reproach," Cassandra whispered to herself as she popped INXS in the jam box. "If only Felice had been more apologetic. . . . Lesbians, how gross!" Then she blasted the music to get rid of the blah feeling that was left over from the meeting.

CASSANDRA HAD ALWAYS had a theory that being in a great mood was what attracted the guys to you. And Cassandra was testing her theory to the max when she and Simone entered the Zoo, laughing loudly, exuding the joy. Their first round past the bar and across the dance floor was strictly a reconnaissance mission, to see who was there and to make mental notes on who was positioned where. It was important not to appear like you really noticed anyone, or people might get the impression that you were desperate.

Back at the bar, Simone ordered a sea breeze; Cassandra asked for a Heineken. She hated beer, but ordering it made her feel more like one of the guys. And hopefully more approachable.

"Okay, okay, you remember the code? If you think he's cute and I ask you what the weather is, you respond with something favorable, like, 'Oh, I think it's gonna be sunny tomorrow.' But if you don't like him, then you say something like, 'I think it's gonna rain.' "

"Cassandra, I know the code! Remember kiddo, I'm the one who invented it!"

"Oh, that's right!"

Cassandra's giggles erupted into full-blown laughter. She was nervous and impatient. She knew all this planning was a bit phony, and she wished she could march right up and ask one of the guys to dance. But experience had taught her it didn't work that way.

"Wow, look at those two," Simone gushed as Cassandra glanced carefully over her left shoulder, then looked back at Simone with the widest smile. ▶

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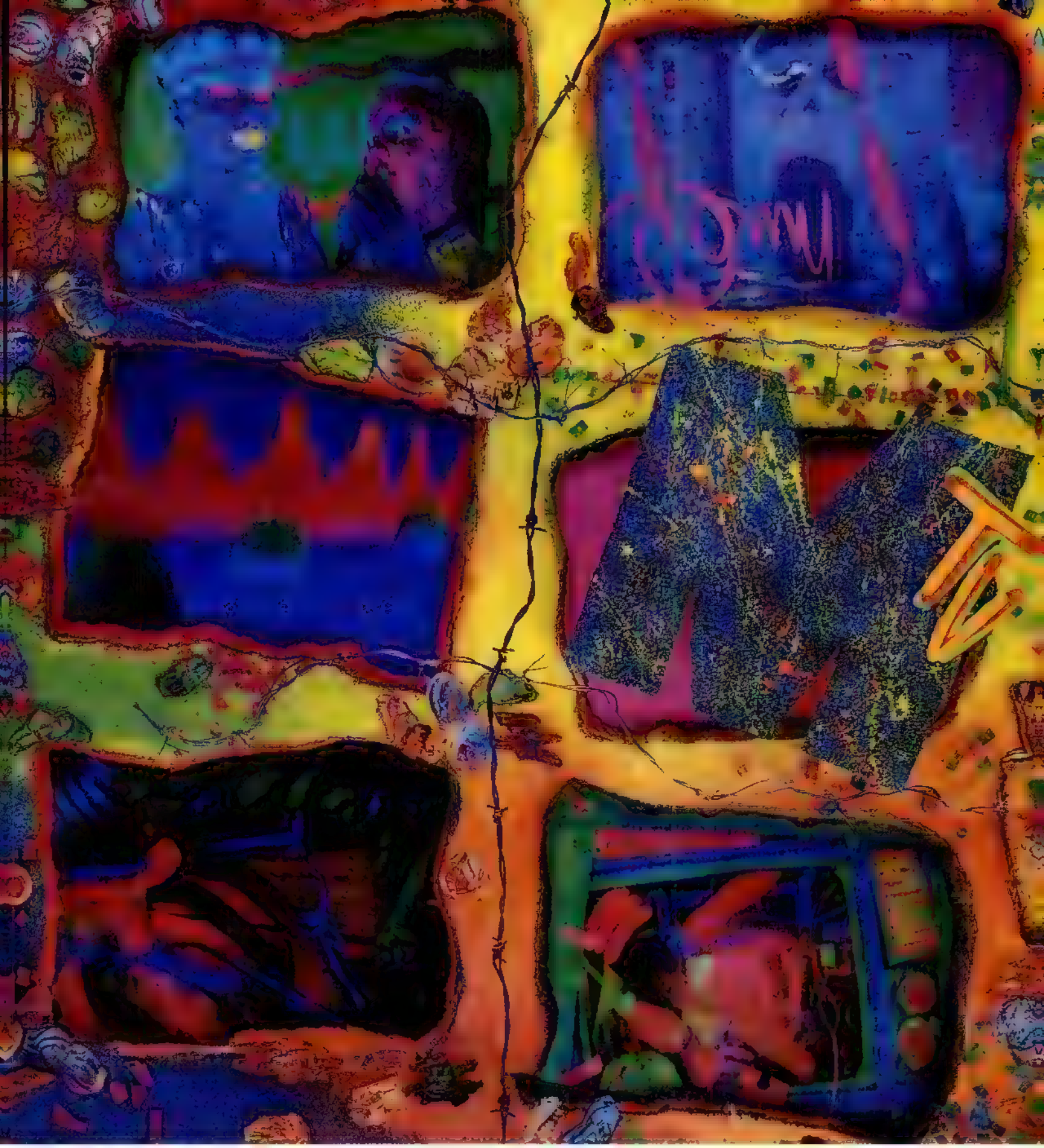

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Just when you think you know what it is... It's MTV. By photographers Robin Nedboy/Al Harp.

MUSIC TELEVISION

One n a ser es

"That's the guy I was telling you about from my Comparative Lit class. . . . Oh gosh, I can't believe he's here!"

"Go ask him to dance," Simone said, daring her.

"No. . . . Think I should? No, this song isn't any good. It's gotta be the right song."

INXS replaced the Prince song, and Cassandra steeled herself for the walk over. But just as she turned to do it, a short, brown-haired girl stood in her way, looking up at her:

"Hi, you don't remember me, do you?"

"Didn't we have a class together?" Cassandra made a stab at remembering the girl.

"I met you during rush week; you showed me around your house." Then the girl, obviously drunk, giggled a little too loudly.

"Oh, now it's coming back to me," Cassandra gave her a big smile, though her eyes betrayed her. "Where did you end up pledging?"

"I didn't, but I'm going to become a Little Sister at Psi Zeta Chi. . . . "

"Yeah, that's just great!"

Cassandra wanted to get this over with as soon as possible so she didn't lose her nerve. The guy was standing alone, looking at the dance floor. It was the perfect moment.

"Well, it was great talking to you. . . . What was your name?"

"Ruby."

"It was great running into you again, Ruby, and I'll see you around."

Ruby smiled and watched as Cassandra walked over to the guy. They started to talk and then moved on to the dance floor. She made it look so easy. Ruby looked around the club, didn't see any of the people she was supposed to meet, and left for the fraternity house across the commons.

"TATTOOS!!! ALRIGHT, I got my fuckin' tattoos!" a big drunken linebacker was howling on the steps of the frat house, a big white thing with at least 25 rooms, as Ruby trudged up the front lawn. Partygoers had flooded out of the jammed house onto the front porch, and a few of them were calling to the football player to show off his body art. Ruby felt a bit intimidated walking in alone, but she was dying for another beer.

"*Show us yer stuff! Come on, let's see 'em!*"

"*Hey, whatta ya think?*" the big guy shouted in Ruby's ear as she passed him on the stairs, his breath rank with warm beer. He dropped his jeans and jockey shorts and mooned the people on the porch. On his left ass cheek were the Greek letters *psi zeta chi.*

"Yuck!" Ruby made a disgusted face, then giggled self-consciously. She wasn't the kind of girl who offered her opinions easily. In high school, she had been dreadfully shy and had kept to herself. But the beers seemed to wash away the fear. She moved through the crowd on the porch until she fought her way inside, right next to the keg, and grabbed a full beer.

Ruby didn't see anyone she knew. If they didn't come by in the next 15 minutes, she was going to leave. Otherwise, some the guys might get the wrong idea.

Ruby imagined that being in a sorority would have protected her from all that, protected her from hanging out with the wrong crowd while she learned how to be social, but she hadn't gotten in anywhere during rush week. Still, she liked to go out to the frat parties with her small circle of girlfriends, to drink beer and stand around laughing, seeing who was there. It made her feel like she had some life other than studying.

"Ready to tee off?"

"Huh?" Ruby couldn't believe this cute guy was talking to her. She looked around to make sure it wasn't a joke and that she didn't make a fool out of herself. But it was true, he was talking to her.

"Come on now," the cute guy said, laughing, "you'd better get with the program, otherwise you won't even make it through the first nine holes, and that would be a shame, 'cause tonight we're going for *eighteen holes of golf!*"

"Golf?" Ruby asked, feeling like a jerk for not knowing what he was talking about.

"*Hey, whatta ya think?*" the big guy shouted in Ruby's ear his breath rank with warm beer. He dropped his jeans and jockey shorts and mooned the people on the porch. On his left ass cheek were the Greek letters *psi zeta chi.*

"Yeah, everybody here's playing!!!" he gushed. "See, we got eighteen rooms that represent one hole of golf each. You have to go to each hole and drink what's par for that hole. This is the first hole, and one beer is par for this hole. The second hole is down the hall, and two vodkas are par for that hole, and so forth and so on, just like golf. And you keep going around until you've played all eighteen holes."

He could see Ruby was skeptical and added, "Everybody's got to play; those are the rules! Now here's a four-iron," he said, laughing, and handed her a new plastic mug. "Now, get out there and see how you do!"

Ruby was getting tired of not seeing anyone she knew, so she took the plastic cup and followed the signs written on construction paper that were taped to the walls, pointing out the directions to the different holes. Ruby really didn't feel like getting any drunker, but she thought she might bump into one of her friends as she wandered through the house, and then they could walk back to their dorm together.

"Hey Mongrel, get the fuck outta the way!"

Timothy "Mongrel" Williams, a hulking boy of 19 with vacant eyes and stubble for hair, sat on the stairs leading to the second nine holes, pinching girls' asses as they went by. He had already played two games of golf tonight and now he was bored, looking for some action. Mongrel knew that all the girls were there just so they could get drunk enough to fuck. That's why the played games like golf: So everyone could get laid.

"*Mongrel! They need your head to break up some more ice!*" someone downstairs shouted. Mongrel grinned, not because he had heard what they said, but because he saw the little brown-haired girl staggering up the stairs, looking like she was going to pass out. Yeah, she was prime meat. Alright, now the party was starting to take off. Mongrel just stared at her as she passed him, and then watched her bump into the wall at the top of the stairs and keep on going up the next flight, to the third floor, where there weren't any more holes of golf. Just the guys' rooms.

He gave her a head start, finished his Mickey Malt and then followed her up.

She was lying on top of a pile of coats, on the bed, unconscious, when he located her.

God, she looked so hot lying there. He could feel himself getting hard. And he was laughing to himself as he grabbed her belt, undid her pants, and pulled everything down to her high-tops. Mongrel was too drunk and too excited to fuss with the sneakers.

Ruby thought the guy standing over her was trying to help her, until she realized her jeans were down around her ankles.

"What . . . what are you doing?" Ruby was terrified, and embarrassed, and sore, and ashamed, and felt like she was going to throw up. She pulled her legs together, trying to hide herself from him, but he didn't seem to notice as he kept pulling on himself, right above her.

"*Oh God, please! What did you do? What did you do! Oh God, no! Please, please just leave me alone!*"

He pulled out , but he didn't stop until he had ejaculated on the bed; as Ruby was pulling one of the coats on top of herself, sobbing hysterically, she pleaded with him to go away.

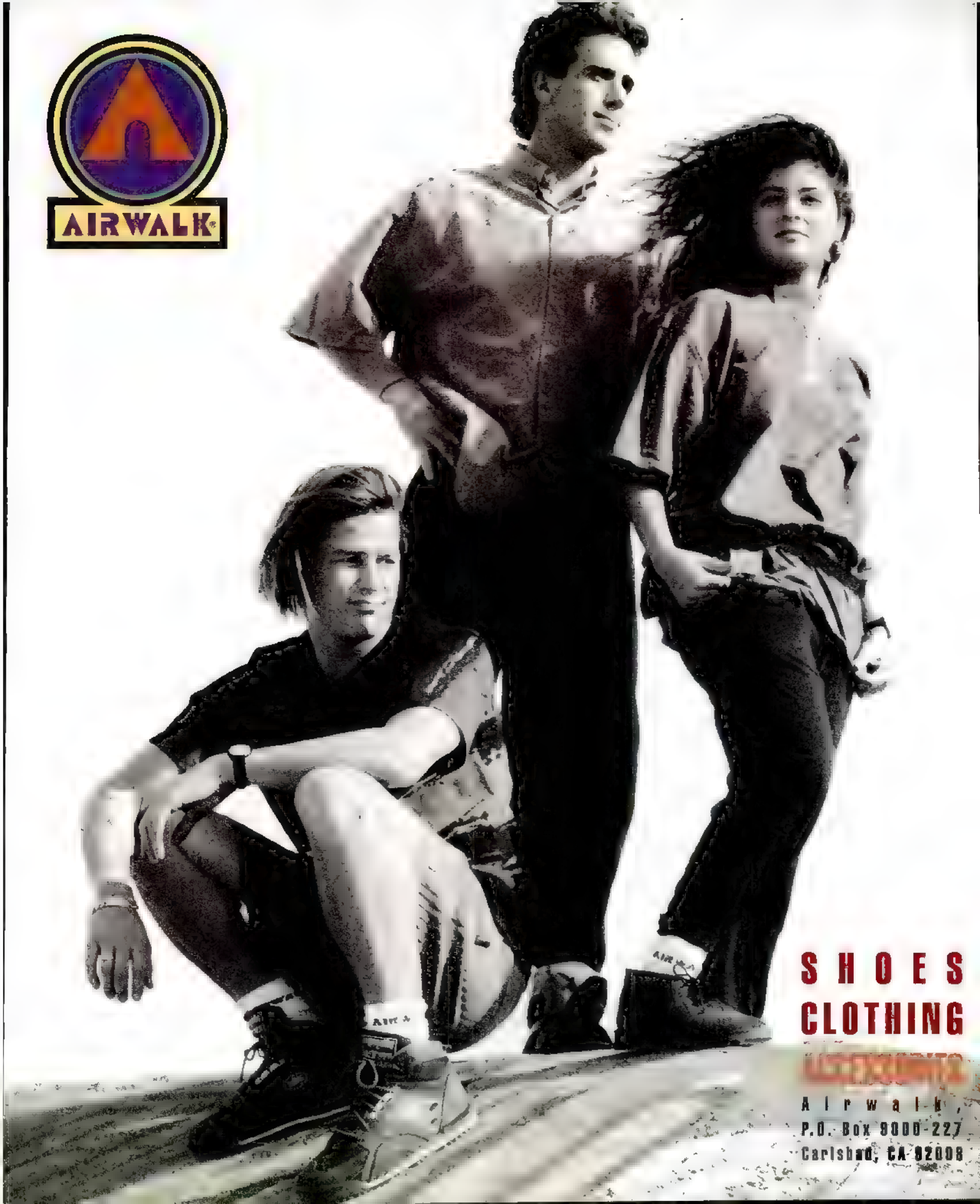
Mongrel didn't say anything as he zipped up his pants. He really hated this virgin act, all the tears and stuff, but he knew it was just part of their game. And since she had buried herself in the coats, and wouldn't even look at him, Mongrel just left the room and went downstairs to get another beer.

Ruby slowly pulled herself together. It would be another two weeks, after she had talked to a counselor, before she realized she had been raped. Until the counselor explained to her that any sex you do not consent to is rape, Ruby would believe that she had somehow brought this upon herself. All she could think of that night, as she ran back to her dorm room to take a dozen showers, was that now she would have to commit suicide for sure, because now the secret would surely get out.

"COULD WE JUST hold hands for a while?" Cassandra asked with an embarrassed smile, as she took his hand that kept sliding up her rib cage and wrapped her fingers tightly inside his. They were sitting in the foyer of his fraternity house, Cassandra getting tired of fending off his hands on her breasts as she played the game. It was always the same. The guy asked her back to his apartment or frat house, and they made small talk with his friends, single guys who didn't have a clue that they wanted to be alone. And it always took hours for them to get the message. And when Cassandra finally got the guy alone, it always took them another couple of hours before they got around to making any moves. By that time it was always four in the morning.

But because of what she was wearing—the black *bustier*—Kevin, the guy from her Comparative Lit class who she'd run into at the Zoo, had started right

continued on page 83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Kids in the booth, above (clockwise from top left)—Tony, Donna, Janet, Jim, Andy, Robin, Jill, Arvid. *Class action, right (clockwise from top left)*— Jim, Janet, Jill, Douglas, Leah, Robbin, and the nutty professor, Dean Christopher.

Here are some tips straight from the pros: University of Missouri students **JUST WANNA HAVE FUN**—between studying, that is. Throw the textbooks under the couch, climb into some cool clothes, polish up the Rambler for a cruise, and pop in some favorite tunes. These students major in inventive, so check it out.

Clothing, *opposite page, clockwise from top left*—floral dress: Benetton; shoes: Converse; floral shirt: Perry Ellis; shorts: Girbaud; pink jacket: Perry Ellis; catsuit and top: Necessary Objects; shoes: Code West; shirt and jacket: Avrex; jeans: Perry Ellis; baseball shirt: Avrex; jeans: Girbaud; peach halter top: Benetton; fuschia jacket: Avrex; blue top: LA Gear; all watches by Swatch; hat: Skidz; sweater: Perry Ellis America; shorts: Skidz; high-tops: Converse Celtics; jacket: Avrex; top: Benetton. *This page, top left*—hat: Skidz; rust jacket: Girbaud; hooded ivory top: Girbaud; spotted navy trousers: Skidz; backpack: Eastpak; *left*—swirl shirt: Perry Ellis; polka-dot shirt: Girbaud; top: Benetton; star shirt: Perry Ellis; netted top: Benetton; spangled top: Perry Ellis. Cap and gown courtesy of Byron Scott.

Styling by Chene
Text by Lauren Spencer
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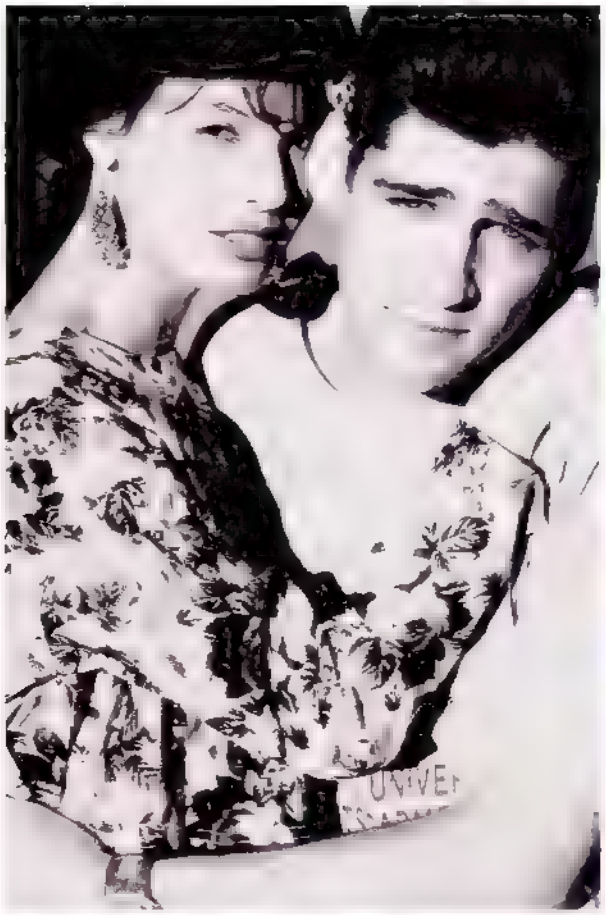

***Far left*—hat: Skidz; her top: Necessary Objects; his top: Arrex. *Left, above*—hooded top: LA Gear; short-alls: Girbaud; blue top: LA Gear; high-tops: Converse Celtics; hat: Skidz; orange top: Cotler; plaid shorts: Skidz; Jack Purcell deck shoes: Converse; T-shirt: Arrex; plaid overalls: Skidz; high-tops: LA Gear; hat: Skidz. *Left, below*—hat: Skidz; blue shirt: Arrex; floral baby-doll top: Necessary Objects. *Below*—ivory-hooded top and jean overalls: Girbaud; top: LA Gear; pants and hat: Skidz; top: Kade; shorts: Skidz; rally sneakers: LA Gear; top: Arrex; plaid overalls: Skidz; blue top: LA Gear; jean short-alls: Girbaud. All watches: Swatch. *Opposite page*—Hat: Skidz; peach halter: Benetton; coulotte shorts: LA Gear; floral leggings: Necessary Objects; high-tops: LA Gear.**

Janet, 22: Road tripping is my

favorite thing to do, just get in the car and go. I'm going to Ireland on a work-study program in May. My fave piece of clothing is scarves. I don't know where I'll be next year at this time. I think I'm gonna hang out for a while and see what happens. Until my family finds out and says you didn't do the five-year plan for nothing. **Jim, 22**. I feel most at home in my flannel shirt, fatigues, and Chuck Taylors, and if you asked me what my favorite bands are I'd have to say De la Soul and the Feelies. **Tony, 24**. My construction jacket, which is really big and roomy, is my favorite piece of clothing, and I've been listening to the Charlatans a lot lately.

***Left*—floral baby-doll top: Necessary Objects; shorts: Perry Ellis; pink and black high-tops: LA Gear; hat: Skidz; mustard-hooded top: Girbaud; plaid short-alls: Skidz; shoes: Reeboks; hat: Skidz; peach halter top: Benetton; coulotte shorts: LA Gear; floral leggings: Necessary Objects; high-tops: LA Gear. All watches by Swatch.**

SPIN FASHION

***Left*—yellow shirt: Avrex; printed shorts: Perry Ellis; gym shoes: LA Gear; hooded top, jean jacket, and brown jeans: Girbaud; backpack: Eastpak; hooded shirt: LA Gear; striped jacket: Perry Ellis; striped shorts: Girbaud; sweater: Perry Ellis America; leather backpack: Avrex; printed shirt: Perry Ellis; shirt and rust jacket: Girbaud; jeans: Perry Ellis; black-studded jean suit: LA Gear; mustard top: Girbaud; shoe-hoots: Code West. All watches by Swatch.**

Arvid, 22: I'm an anthropology major and a philosophy minor. My favorite thing to wear is a shirt I bought on Kings Road in London. It's got Ronald McDonald smoking a joint on the front and says "Over 50 Billion Smoked" on the golden arches. **Jill, 21**: My psychedelic print polyester trousers are the coolest thing in my closet. I got them for a dollar at this used-clothing store. They're really cool. People sometimes confuse me with Lady Kier from Deee-Lite. **Doug, 20**: My major is German studies. The Red Hot Chili Peppers are my fave band. **Leah, 22**: I have a black velour top that I love, it makes me look like I have really broad shoulders. I like to listen to anything by the Red Hot Chili Peppers. **Andy, 21**: I'd love to travel and model when I get out of school. My favorite bands are the Smiths, Deee-Lite, and Happy Mondays.

***This page, right*—shirt and rust jacket: Girbaud; jeans: Perry Ellis; sweater: Perry Ellis America; deck shoes: Converse; jacket, shirt, and jeans: Girbaud; high-tops: Reebok. *Opposite page*—sweater: Perry Ellis America; Jack Purcell deck shoes: Converse; fuschia backpack: Eastpak; floral dress: Benetton; Janet's own high-tops: Converse.**

End of the day, outside Shakespeare's (the best tavern in town). It's been fun. See ya next year.

HAIRSTYLING BY JULIE SWANSON AND STEPHENSON LOCATION COURTESY OF SHAKESPERE PIZZA AND WINE BAR, COLUMBIA MISSOURI

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CAMPUS SURVEY

What Students Really Think

About one SPIN reader in three is a college student. To learn what they're thinking, we distributed a questionnaire to students at dozens of colleges from coast to coast. The survey consisted mainly of easily quantifiable, crisp multiple-choice questions. But for fun we added four "open-enders" so students could play back a few secret wishes: who'd they like to make love with; whom they'd kill given the right conditions; who should have never been born; and who they want for President next time.

This is the first in a series of SPIN surveys devoted to America's youth.

General Observations

Many of tomorrow's leaders seem to have awful handwriting. Maybe that's the down side of the PC/TV generation. But why such god-awful spelling? Simple words blundered; celebrities' names mangled. In a few cases students actually misspelled the names of their own schools! We identified *28* misspellings of *Saddam Hussein* (*see* SPAN Magezine Survay, *next page*). Also: Quayle emerged as Quale, Qualye, Quaill, Quail; the Rev. Jackson's name became Jessie, Jessey, Jessy—and so forth. Tsk, tsk.

There were also lots of snappish, wise guy answers that suggest that some respondents:

- don't take surveys seriously;
- don't take SPIN seriously;
- don't take the issues seriously;
- are angry at something—maybe themselves;
- think they're smarter than we are;
- think they're smarter than *they* are;
- aren't getting enough fiber; or
- any combination of the above.

Some respondents saw fit to lecture us regarding the perceived immorality of some of our questions. It's nice to know we have such decent readers out there, but they missed the point—which was to have some fun and stimulate thinking while exchanging ideas. All answers were read and tallied, smart-mouthed and profound alike. Here's what they said.

DEAN CHRISTOPHER

Who They Are: The Survey Respondents in a Nutshell.

Men:

♂ 95% single; 63% 18–21; 78% in state-supported schools; 12% in privately endowed ones. Students' families in evenly distributed income levels. Major course of study: 45% in liberal arts, 14% sciences and technical, 17% business, and 16% fine arts.

Women:

♀ 87% single; 70% 18–21; 76% enrolled in state-supported schools; 17% in privately endowed ones. Families in evenly distributed income levels. Major course of study: 55% in liberal arts, 8% science and technical, 15% business, and 14% fine arts.

THE SURVEY

	♂	♀
WAR		
1. Do you think America should be at war in the Persian Gulf?		
Yes	26.9(%)	15.0(%)
No	71.0	83.8
No Answer/Don't Know	2.0	1.2
2. Would you personally fight this war?		
Yes	38.4	11.5
No	59.6	87.0
NA/DK	1.6	1.6
		(0.14 in military service)
3. Do you favor military recruitment on campus?		
Yes	23.3	29.6
No	75.5	68.0
NA/DK	1.2	2.4
4. What do you consider the major factor in our presence in the Middle East?*		
a) protection of oil interests	60.4	56.9
b) U.S. expansionism	6.1	7.5
c) containment of militant Islam	7.8	10.3
d) stabilization of the area	13.9	22.1
e) protection of friends in the region	15.1	11.1
f) NA/DK	5.3	1.6

SPAN Magezine Survay Reveels Rampunt Misapeling!

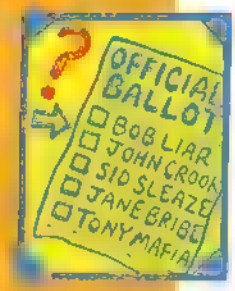
We admit that names from unfamiliar cultures are subject to disputed transliteration into English (e.g., Qaddafi, Khaddafi, Quadhafi, Kadafy etc.). But Saddam Hussein of Iraq has been in banner headlines constantly since at least August 2, 1990. These exotic variants—not jokes, we promise—were harvested from the current SPIN College Survey. We have put them in order of deviation, starting with the most logical.

Saddam Huseln	Saddem Hussein
Saddam Husain	Saddem Husseign
Saddam Husseign	Suddam Huselh
Saddam Huessan	Suddam Hussein
Saddam Hussin	Suddahm Hussein
Sadam Husane	Sudaam Husain
Sadam Hussien	Sudam Husain
Sadam Hussein	Sudam Hussan
Sadam Hussain	Sudamn Huessin
Sadom Huesain	Saddum Husain
Saddam Hussain	Saddeim Husaein
Saddam Huessan	Saudahm Husain
Sadaam Husane	Hadaam Hussan
Sadahm Hussain	Hudan Husan

Sex With Whom?

It's amazing how many people refused to play "let's pretend" with us. One bunch joked, avoided the issue, or left the question blank. Others wrote in wholesome claptrap like, "only my girlfriend," or "just my husband—*after* we're married," and other comments designed to teach *us* a thing or two about decency—and nothing at all about their fantasy life. So be it. Those who did answer fed us lots of what you'd expect—playback on the usual sex symbols. Hence, women craving Mel Gibson, Tom Cruise, Robert Redford (still!); men gasping after Julia Roberts or Elle MacPherson. What was more interesting were women admitting lust for Winona Ryder or Grace Jones; men as well as women hankering for Daniel Day-Lewis. Men gave significant honorable mention to Christie Brinkley, Cindy Crawford, Christina Applegate, Kathy Ireland, Madonna, Paula Abdul, and Demi Moore. Among the more poignant moments in the topic "Whom would you sleep with?":

Do dead people count? Karl Marx. Otherwise, Sam Shepard (female, 21). **Three twins (6) from the Far East** (male, 21). Does he mean a total of 6 people, or that each set of twins be 6 years old? Hmmmm. **That girl in the snap-on tool calendar** (male, 20). **The Hindu god Krishna, as he is in the Bhagavad Gita** (female, 20, from NYU who describes herself as "very liberal"), I'll say.



Then there was . . . **but all the Go-Go's at once would be nice also** (male from Kearney State who would like to kill Judge Wapner); **any good, clean calendar girl** (male, Kansas State). **Any undiseased, willing babe,** cries another youth from Augustana College, who wants Sam Nunn in '92—presumably undiseased as well. **Simone Signoret** is the choice of a Wesleyan man who'd like to kill Brent Musberger. **A stripper I met in Canada** (male, 21, Notre Dame); **the girl that sits across from me in philosophy** (male, 20, Cayuga); **President Bhutto just turns me on** (male). She's a former prime minister, but we understand. One precocious lad (20) has unwholesome hots for Marlene Dietrich, who affected men that way during World War II. A loyal young woman insists upon nothing less than **Jasper M. Ziller (my husband).** Who would deny her? **I was the best I ever had,** chirps one youth (17). He would like to kill "Jessey Holmes." We guess he meant "Jesse Helms," but his hand was too tired to grip the pen correctly. One Montana woman, 26, wants to bed Grace Jones and off Nancy Reagan. A 32-year-old man from Michigan thinks of **gay 'porn' star Al Parker, JFK, Jr., and Pete Samprae.** He'd kill Jesse Helms. Or need we mention?

What, Me Kill? Well . . . Maybe Just This Once.

Over half our respondents wrote that they would never kill, or left that section blank. Of those who would kill, Saddam was the overwhelming, er, favorite. New Kids on the Block were second. After that it was mayhem, with predictable mentions for George Bush and Dan Quayle, Jesse Helms, and other politicos. Other answers ranged from "your mother" and "Frank Sinatra" to "all rappers," "whoever wrote this lame questionaire," and "the Minnesota Vikings." SPIN staffers rated occasional mention, an honor we'd just as soon forego.

Some dark and even scary answers came forth. It was especially chilling

	♂	♀
II ABORTION		
1. Do you favor individual choices in abortion?		
Yes	88.2	88.2
No	11.0	12.3
NA/DK	0.8	1.6
2. If the government bans abortion, should it then provide financial and social service support for the children born from unwanted pregnancies?		
Yes	78.0	81.4
No	21.2	17.4
NA/DK	0.8	1.2
III DRUGS		
1. Should certain "hard" drugs remain illegal, but "soft" drugs—such as pot and hash—be legalized?		
Yes	46.5	41.1
No	52.7	58.5
NA/DK	0.8	0.4
2. Should all drugs be legalized?		
Yes	12.7	13.8
No	86.5	84.6
NA/DK	0.8	1.6
3. If drugs were legal, would there be a significant increase in violent crime?		
Yes	35.5	37.9
No	63.7	58.1
NA/DK	0.8	4.0
4. If drugs were legal, do you think there would be a significant increase in usage?		
Yes	57.6	55.3
No	40.8	42.3
NA/DK	1.6	2.4
IV POLITICS		
1. Is mistrust of politicians generally justified?		
Yes	72.7	70.4
No	25.7	26.1
NA/DK	1.6	3.6
2. Do you think there is a tangible difference between the Republicans and the Democrats?		
Yes	46.5	52.6
No	50.2	45.5
NA/DK	3.3	2.0
3. Do you support the death penalty?		
Yes	71.4	55.7
No	28.1	42.3
NA/DK	2.4	2.0
4. In the past year or so, have you worked for any causes?		
Yes	42.0	48.2
No	57.6	49.4
NA/DK	0.4	2.4
5. If so, do you think that your participation had an effect?		
Yes	72.8	85.2
No	25.2	14.8
NA/DK	1.9	—
6. Do you vote?		
Yes	75.5	72.7
No	24.5	26.5
NA/DK	—	0.8
7. What is your political profile?		
a) very conservative	4.5	4.3
b) more conservative than liberal	18.4	22.1
c) uncommitted/uninterested/ disillusioned	24.5	11.9
d) more liberal than conservative	29.4	39.1
e) very liberal	19.6	20.2
f) NA/DK	3.7	2.4

to see that 24 percent of our respondents would like to kill someone they really know—and presumably have access to ("my father," "my uncle," "my old roommate Mike," "this guy that likes my girlfriend").

If law and normal consequences were suspended for one day, who would you kill?
(543 respondents in sample)

		(%)
Would never kill, etc.	224	41.3
(rough % of sample)		
Left blank	65	12.0
Saddam Hussein	59	10.9
Other political figures	55	10.1
Entertainers, sports, public	29	5.3
Misc., weird, untraceable figures	26	4.8
Personally known	24	4.4
Criminals, hate groups	22	4.1
New Kids on the Block	19	3.5
President Bush	11	2.0
Real wacked-out responses	9	1.7
	543	100.1

Grab Bag of Killers

Some interesting comments from people who wanted to kill—but not Saddam Hussein:

Susan K., a girl who slapped me in the eighth grade (male, 20); **someone who has been legally denied euthanasia** (female, 28); **all the yuppie vegetarians that wear leather and pretend to care about the environment,** opines a man at Western Michigan. One student at SUNY, Brockport, wants to kill—among many others—**liberals and skateboarders.** An East Illinois student offers to kill **the guy who invented Chia Pet.** His vote for President **Don King—we'd never have a deficit.** Scary: **all big, dumb redneck hicks.** And, **whoever ends up in my cross hairs.** One woman into kinky off-worldishness. **After having sex with E.T.—I'd kill him Bart Simpson and the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders,** says one fellow. **I would resist the temptation. I would steal from Highland Appliances and Hudson's,** writes a Michigan woman. More hate. **every gay person on earth,** and **every foreigner who takes an American job,** and **José Canseco. The twins in the lime-green bathing suits in that Juicy Fruit commercial** (Doesn't he mean Doublemint?) **Ethel Merman (Yes, I know she's dead, but what the hell),** says one music lover.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK BLACKWELL

V RACISM

	♂	♀
1. Do you think that racism is often presented as an excuse for failure?		
Yes	64.5	56.5
No	31.4	41.1
NA/DK	4.1	2.4
2. How are racial/intergroup relations on your campus?		
a) excellent and harmonious	18.8	18.6
b) basically tolerant	50.2	60.5
c) we keep out of each other's way	12.7	6.8
d) tense/uncomfortable	11.0	8.7
e) openly antagonistic	6.9	3.0
f) NA/DK	0.4	2.3
3. Do you think it's possible any race is intrinsically superior to any other race?		
a) true	2.4	2.8
b) fairly likely	5.3	3.2
c) possible in minor ways	19.6	11.5
d) not likely	37.1	36.4
e) ridiculous assumption	35.1	44.7
f) NA/DK	0.4	1.6
4. Have you had an ongoing sexual/romantic relationship with a member of another race?		
Yes	17.6	20.6
No	81.6	78.3
NA/DK	0.8	1.2

VI SEX

	♂	♀
1. Do you generally practice safe sex?		
Yes	84.1	85.6
No	15.1	12.3
NA/DK	0.8	2.0
2. Have you had an HIV (AIDS) test?		
Yes	15.9	14.2
No	83.7	85.8
NA/DK	0.4	—
3. Is sex overrated?		
Yes	32.2	43.5
No	66.5	50.6
NA/DK	1.2	5.9
4. Do you think homosexual relationships are unnatural?		
Yes	61.2	49.4
No	37.1	48.6
NA/DK	1.6	2.0

VII ENVIRONMENT

	♂	♀
1. Which of these topics is the "hottest" on campus?		
a) economy/jobs	9.8	7.9
b) Middle East crisis	45.3	48.2
c) environmental issues	22.9	19.8
d) corruption in business and government	1.2	2.0
e) personal freedoms (i.e. speech, abortion)	22.4	20.6
f) NA/DK	5.3	5.9
2. Do you think the environment problem in America is exaggerated?		
Yes	12.2	7.9
No	87.8	91.7
NA/DK	—	0.4
3. Does business have a legitimate point when it says that a healthy economy requires exploitation of nature?		
Yes	18.0	16.6
No	80.8	79.8
NA/DK	1.2	3.6

SURVEY CONTINUES ON PAGE 82

Still Hated After All These Years (Name One Prominent Person That You Wish Had Never Lived)

You guessed it: Hitler won by a mile. Saddam reaped his share of passive hate as well. More startling were the many mentions of Reagan, Nixon, Jesse Helms, religious leaders, and New Kids on the Block. A couple of outstanding verbatims worthy of mention:

Shirley MacLaine in any lifetime. And **Moses—sexist pig from hell,** which wins in the Most Venom Spewed at a Biblical Figure category. One young woman (who wants to bed Arnold Schwarzenegger) wished that Freud had never lived. Wonder what she means by that?

. . . And If Elected I May Serve, but Not Very Well (Who Do You Think Should Be President in 1992?)

Most answers in this category reflected blithe unconcern, angry sarcasm, or deepening conservatism. Highly pro-Bush from those on the right, lots and lots of Cuomo and Jesse Jackson from the lefter wing. Big showing: Bob Kerrey. Some mention for Bob Dole, Elizabeth Dole, George Will, Bill Bradley, and Pat Schroeder.

Some wrote **a woman, a black woman, a woman Democrat,** and such. One puzzling suggestion: **Jesse Jackson or a female.** Several votes for Jello Biafra, Bart Simpson, and a selection of sports figures. Among the loony: Dr. Seuss, FDR, Gumby, Elvis Presley, Prince, Mother Teresa, and Whoopi Goldberg. Far too many nominated themselves, yuk yuk yuk. One person proposed the perfect Zen candidate: **nobody who runs.**

One woman wrote: **And Bill, because he is really cool.** We could do worse than to have a cool President. Man from Wilkes: **Jack Nicholson—put a *real* lunatic in power, or Richard Nixon.** Finally, we like the woman from Montana who suggests: **my mother, Sharon Boyter.**

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Bush league
Jeb, *far left*, and
with his father, ***left***.

SEE NO EVIL

Move over Neil. Jeb Bush, another Presidential son, is a Republican fundraiser who just says yes to money—no matter where it comes from. JEFFERSON MORLEY reports.

WHO'S MORE CROOKED, a major Miami cocaine kingpin or the son of the President? That's the question raised by a photograph of a convicted Miami drug trafficker named Leonel Martinez. The photo, which is currently being held by federal prosecutors in Miami who decline to release it to the public, shows Leonel Martinez, a prominent Miami builder, shaking hands with John Ellis (Jeb) Bush, the second-eldest son of George.

The photo of the President's son and the cocaine kingpin is less a legal document than a cultural artifact. There's no evidence that Jeb or his father knew that Leonel Martinez imported more than 3½ tons of cocaine and more than 75 tons of marijuana into the United States between 1978 and 1987, or that he's under investigation for four murders. It's not known if Bush and Leonel Martinez were anything more than passing acquaintances. All that is known for certain is that, at the time the photo was taken (sometime between 1984 and 1987), both Jeb and George Bush knew of Leonel Martinez as a generous contributor to Bush family causes.

The photo is a snapshot of America in the '80s: a nouveau riche lawbreaker sporting a diamond-encrusted Rolex shaking hands with an upwardly mobile political entrepreneur. Not pictured, appropriately enough, is someone from a very different social sector of contemporary America, the middle-class bureaucratic cop who struggles to make the system work. While the criminals and their respectable political allies got rich and famous in the 1980s, those honest public-sector types trying to enforce the law found themselves increasingly out of the picture.

Why were Bush and Leonel Martinez shaking hands? Between 1984 and 1987, Martinez and his wife, Margarita, donated at least $14,200 to political organizations controlled by the Bush family. One was the Dade County Republican party, of which Jeb Bush was chairman. The party's 1984 campaign-contributor records show that Leonel Martinez and his wife gave $2,200 in the first four months Jeb was chairman. From 1985 to 1986, Leonel Martinez gave $10,000, the legal maximum, to a political action committee set up to pay George Bush's travel expenses.

Leonel Martinez gave to other political causes, though not as generously. In October 1986, for example, Leonel Martinez's construction firm donated $6,000 to the campaign of Florida Republican gubernatorial candidate Robert Martinez (no relation). The same Robert Martinez was recently appointed by President Bush to head the Office of National Drug Control Policy. If approved by the Senate, Robert Martinez will be the first drug czar known to have enjoyed the campaign support of a major drug trafficker. ▶

WORLD WIDE PHOTOS. LEFT: CHARLES WENZELBERG. RIGHT: DOUG MILLS

Confidence man/Medicare scam artist Miguel Recarey, Jr. (*right*), contributed generously to Bush political causes. So did Leonel Martinez (*upper right*), busted owner of this waterfront mansion.

BACKGROUND PHOTO COURTESY OF SMITH AERIAL, FT. LAUDERDALE, FL. BOTTOM COURTESY OF THE MIAMI HERALD

event.

In such transactions, who is more morally corrupt, the giver or the receiver? In the case of Jeb Bush and Leonel Martinez, it depends on how you define the drug problem in America. President Bush claimed in his drug war speech of September 1989 that the problem is as close as the "park just across the street from the White House." In fact, the drug problem is even closer to George Bush's home.

There are always going to be drug entrepreneurs, especially in Miami, but the biggest drug problem is not the black kid selling crack in the park, or even the Miami drug tycoon. They are breaking the law, but they're not abusing the public trust. Leonel Martinez will probably spend the rest of his life in jail (he is currently serving a 23-year sentence). Meanwhile Jeb Bush, drug czar nominee Robert Martinez, and George Bush continue to campaign for a drug-free America with campaign contributions from a major drug trafficker.

Jeb Bush declined to be interviewed for this article, as did Leonel Martinez. Robert Martinez did not respond to inquiries about Leonel Martinez's donations.

At the time the Bush family was accepting Leonel Martinez's money, Jeb Bush knew that drug money was everywhere in Miami. In 1980, neighbors a few doors away in his middle-class South Miami neighborhood were caught dealing drugs. In 1985, an AP reporter asked Jeb and ten other leading Miami citizens for 20-dollar bills. Ten of the bills, including that of Jeb, tested positive for cocaine. Everybody's money in Miami was tainted by drugs—even the Archbishop's.

In his years of political philanthropy, Leonel Martinez was a hot criminal suspect. He had been arrested three times and had a felony conviction for illegal possession of a firearm. (The charges were dropped in the two other cases.) He was being watched by the U.S. Customs Service. His finances were being probed by the Internal Revenue Service. The DEA, the federal Drug Enforcement Administration, mounted two separate investigations of him. A Swiss bank in the Bahamas had rejected Leonel Martinez as an undesirable customer. And the CIA, which was in a position to know of all of these investigations, had developed ample evidence of drug trafficking by a faction of *contra* supporters to which Leonel Martinez belonged. Despite all this federal attention, it was the local police, with some assistance from the DEA, that put together the case that resulted in Leonel Martinez's arrest and conviction.

Leonel Martinez's name, if not his face, was well-known in Republican circles, according to one local party activist. "He would always buy a table at our fund-raisers," the activist said. "The table would be empty, but everybody knew of him."

There's no smoking gun in Bush's hand, according to two former federal drug prosecutors in Miami.

Even if Bush never did anything improper on Leonel Martinez's behalf—and there is no evidence that he did—Martinez still benefited from his association with Jeb. His associates in the drug business must have been impressed and intimidated by a Christmas card from George and Barbara that Leonel Martinez displayed prominently in his office. Photos of Leonel Martinez with other state and local political leaders also fostered the impression that the builder-smuggler had friends in high places.

Jeb Bush is not under investigation. County and federal drug investigators are investigating one member of the Miami city council who served as Leonel Martinez's lawyer for years. But Carol Wilkinson, the deputy assistant U.S. attorney who indicted Leonel Martinez, says that the photo of Bush and Martinez does not figure in any ongoing investigation.

Jeb Bush, drug czar nominee Robert Martinez, and George Bush campaign for a drug-free America with campaign contributions from a major drug trafficker.

JEB BUSH IS most famous as the brother of Neil Bush, the President's son whose name now conjures in the national imagination someone who is both a fool and an operator. Jeb Bush has no such image problem. If he is known at all outside of Florida, it's as the father of "the little brown ones." That was the affectionate, if unfortunate, term that candidate George Bush used to describe Jeb Bush's three Mexican-American kids in 1988.

Neil Bush used his family's name to line his pockets, but he wasn't smart enough to build a business or political career out of his parentage. Jeb Bush was. After working on his father's failed presidential campaign in 1980, Bush, then 27, quit his job as a banker in Houston and moved to Miami to begin a new career as a real estate developer.

BUSH AND MARTINEZ shared entrepreneurial ambition, but not much else. Jeb Bush is Ivy League cum Sun Belt, the tennis-playing son of the President, with a Mexican wife and ambition to spare. Leonel Martinez is an exiled high-school dropout, born in Campo Florido, a small Cuban city, and drawn into the lucrative drug transportation trade.

Bush is, in the words of one reporter, "born to lead"; Leonel Martinez is, in the words of one cop, "a peasant trying to be high class."

What brought them together was the political economy of cocaine, in particular, and the fast money of democratic capitalism in general. Drugs mean money and money means success in politics. Money (in the form of campaign contributions) buys access. Political entrepreneurs sell access. Access to elected officials more than occasionally facilitates the schemes of respectable criminals to defraud the government and evade the law. After the money changes hands, the photographers are called in to record the

In business as well as politics, Bush's family name was a major asset. He took as his mentor a charming self-made millionaire named Armando Codina. In fact, Codina had established his real estate firm, IntraAmerica Investments, Inc., barely six months before he named Bush his executive vice president. In 1990, the firm was renamed the Codina-Bush Group. Not only did Bush's political fortunes prosper with the campaign contributions he brought into the local Republican party, but his career as a real estate entrepreneur took off as well.

In March 1984, Bush launched his career in politics as chairman of the local Republican party. Fluent in Spanish and with an Ivy League pedigree, he was the ideal person to unite white and Latin Republicans in the Miami area. With his family name, he was a star fund-raiser, but, not atypical of politicians, chose not to look into the character of the contributors he solicited. He not only accepted campaign contributions from drug trafficker Martinez, he also took a ride in the private jet of Alberto

Duque, convicted bank-fraud artist. And he did a crucial favor for the biggest Medicare scammer in U.S. history, another campaign contributor.

Miguel Recarey, Jr., is one of the most remarkable con men of our times. In the mid-1970s, Miguel Recarey ran International Medical Centers (IMC), one of the biggest health maintenance organizations in the country. At its peak IMC enrolled more than 150,000 patients, most of them on Medicare. In the mid-1980s, IMC and Recarey received a check of $30 million every month from the federal government's Medicare program.

In fact, IMC was the biggest Medicare fraud scheme ever. Recarey was skimming untold millions of taxpayer dollars off the top. Federal investigators now believe that Recarey used IMC to increase his personal net worth from $1 million to $100 million in about six years.

Bureaucrats at the Department of Health and Human Services in Washington had long suspected IMC. The firm's financial record keeping was haphazard, and its reputation among doctors and patients was terrible. One clinic serving the Haitian community in Miami didn't even have sheets to drape gynecological patients. When federal regulators began to close in on Miguel Recarey in 1984, he turned to Bush for help.

In September 1984, Jeb Bush's local Republican party received a $2,000 donation from IMC. Two months later, Jeb Bush called the Secretary of Health and Human Services and two other top HHS officials at Recarey's request. One HHS official recalled Bush saying, "Contrary to rumors, [Recarey] was a good community citizen and a good supporter of the Republican Party." Bush has said he does not recall the conversation.

Six months after that, the mid-level HHS officials who wanted to stop Recarey were overruled. IMC was granted a regulatory exemption that kept Recarey's criminal enterprise going for two more years.

In those years, 1985 and 1986, Miguel Recarey and his associates gave more than $25,000 to George Bush political action committees. In 1986, Recarey hired Jeb Bush to find new corporate headquarters for IMC. Although Bush failed in that task, the *Miami Herald* reported that Recarey paid him a $75,000 fee anyway.

Miguel Recarey, indicted in 1987 on racketeering and wiretapping charges, is now an international fugitive.

Leon Weinstein, a Medicare fraud investigator for HHS, was the kind of person who Jeb Bush and Miguel Recarey regarded as a meddlesome bureaucrat. In August 1986, Weinstein was compiling audit data about IMC that confirmed suspicions of fraud. His superiors tried to transfer him off the case.

Weinstein, now retired, makes a startling but not implausible allegation. Both IMC hospital records and Oliver North's notebooks indicate that IMC used Medicare funds to treat wounded *contras*. Weinstein suggests that the Reagan administration used Miguel Recarey and IMC to covertly fund the *contras*. Jeb Bush, according to *CBS Evening News*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *Progressive*, was his father's chief liaison with the *contras* in Miami. Jeb Bush denies that he was involved with supplying arms to the *contras* though he admits he was active in generating nonlethal assistance to the *contras*.

Weinstein is now suing in federal court to recover Medicare funds on behalf of the government. Despite the fact that Weinstein has recovered more than a half a million dollars from Medicare scammers, the Bush administration is fighting him in court. The Justice Department says that Weinstein the whistle-blower has no right to bring such a lawsuit.

Another Miami con man who profited from his political association with Jeb Bush was Camilo Padreda. He, too, was a Cuban exile, builder, and donor to Jeb Bush's Republican Party, as well as an acquaintance of Miguel Recarey. In 1986, Padreda hired Bush's real estate firm as the leasing agent for an office building he had constructed with HUD funding. Padreda was also active in the local Republican party and enjoyed the privileges of a party loyalist. In February 1988, for example, he was invited to the White House for a conference on drugs.

Leonel Martinez is now serving 23 years in prison for drug trafficking.

Two months later, FBI agents launched a probe of building projects in South Florida. They caught Padreda. Last September, he pleaded guilty to submitting phony cost statements to HUD. He is now cooperating with an ongoing probe of HUD fraud and political corruption in Dade County. Padreda's closest political associate was Carlos Salman, a local realtor. Salman, a friend of Bush's, succeeded him as chairman of the Dade County Republican Party.

LEONEL MARTINEZ WAS not only a drug smuggler and a suspected murderer. He also built something of value: solid, inexpensive homes for middle-class Cuban immigrants. To his customers and countrymen, he was a hero. After Leonel Martinez was arrested, 70 people showed up at his bond hearing to testify to his good name. He was the leader of the close-knit community of exiles from Campo Florido, and he embodied their dreams of success. He sponsored an annual picnic for hundreds of Campo Floridians and picked up the tab. His home in the swank Miami subdivision of Cocoplum was spectacular. It had nine bedrooms and a basement disco that could hold 200. There was a secret hideaway for him and a sewing room for Margarita. Out back was a pool and a dock for his 77-foot yacht, the *My Three Sons*. He sent his children to Gulliver Academy, one of Miami's elite private schools.

Leonel Martinez was a dedicated Reaganite and an active supporter of the *contra* rebels fighting the leftist government of Nicaragua. He was especially close to Eden Pastora, a *contra* leader who has been linked to several drug traffickers. One of Martinez's longtime partners in drug trafficking says that he and Martinez arranged for Pastora to receive two helicopters, clothing, arms, and ammunition.

The CIA may well have known about Leonel Martinez.

"We knew that everybody around Pastora was involved in cocaine," Alan Fiers, a top CIA official, later testified in a closed session before Congress. "His staff and friends [word deleted] they were involved in drug smuggling."

Leonel Martinez was a friend of Pastora's and he was involved in drug smuggling. Between July 1985 and February 1986, Martinez attempted and partially succeeded in importing more than 3,000 pounds of cocaine into Miami through the Bahamas.

Leonel Martinez was also a supporter of George Bush. On December 5, 1985, he wrote a check for $5,000 to the Fund for America's Future. The fund was established in April 1985 to lay the groundwork for Bush's expected presidential candidacy in 1988. In July 1986, Leonel Martinez wrote another $5,000 check to the fund.

When Vice President George Bush spoke in Miami in October 1986, Leonel Martinez donated $6,000 to Robert Martinez, the Republican candidate for governor of Florida. In October 1987, when George Bush paid yet another visit to Miami, Leonel Martinez and his wife gave $2,000 to the Bush for President campaign.

Even after Leonel Martinez was exposed and convicted of drug trafficking, neither the Bush political action committee nor the local Republican party thought it appropriate to return the $14,200 in drug-tainted contributions.

The success Leonel Martinez, Miguel Recarey, and Camilo Padreda had in presenting themselves to the Bush family as legitimate businessmen is not surprising. Under current campaign finance laws, it is neither necessary nor practical for politicians to check the background of campaign contributors.

Thus, in March 1989, as federal prosecutors were drawing up a drug indictment, the Republican National Senatorial Committee was inviting Leonel Martinez to join the Inner Circle, a local organization of big party donors. Leonel Martinez received an invitation to attend the Committee's annual spring fund-raising dinner in Washington, D.C., and to meet with key senators. Martinez contributed

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the Clash of the titans

On the megametal tour of the '90s, the Clash of the Titans—Slayer, Megadeth, Testament, and Suicidal Tendencies—wound its way through Europe. Man on the scene DEAN KUIPERS watched as the titans really clashed offstage.

THIS CAFETERIA TABLE lay far beneath the ceiling of the Rhein-Gold-Halle in Mainz, Germany, like a matchbox under a 55-gallon drum. It was the day after Germany's October 3 Reunification Day party. I slouched on an end seat behind a constellation of coffee cups, peering past the two or three Clash of the Titans roadies eating at another table. The scraping of dishes boomed over the marble. There was lots of room for emptiness. I was four days into this gig and just hatin' it.

Hate is a little strong. But I did have the dry feeling of being avoided—not as a journalist, but more as a reminder of the tired world you leave behind when you become a rock star.

The concert hall itself was already stuffed with sweating, glassy-eyed German thrash addicts roaming in packs, a small nation escaped from reform school. But backstage was a wasteland. Testament and Megadeth were hiding out on their individual double-decker tour buses, their own fat psychic Hindenburgs. Slayer hadn't arrived yet.

The opening act, Suicidal Tendencies, was just going on. The concrete beneath us turned to jelly and a roar erupted inside the arena as guitarist Rocky George shoved the band into the best opener I've heard in years, the vicious "You Can't Bring Me Down." Mike Muir positively froths during this song, snapping like a cornered *cholo* wolverine. This snarling attitude is the best thing about listening to thrash. The teeth. The defensiveness. The adrenal purge.

Conventional wisdom has it that Slayer, Suicidal Tendencies, and Megadeth are the bull howitzers of thrash. Groups that run roughshod through the hedges, hounded by censorship-crazed moralists, governors, and parents. They are also

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Musical mayhem erupts in Europe. Testament, *opposite page*, takes on the Eiffel Tower. *Above left*, Suicidal Tendencies' Mike Muir (*left*) and Slayer's Tom Araya square off in Germany. *Above right*, scenes from the Clash struggle.

praised for having a fledgling social conscience. Maybe they *are* the populist voice of a generation, considering their enormous popularity and their willingness to inject urban reality into their suburban entertainment.

Could they do it? Could any one of these smoldering reactors transcend rock star diffidence and walk among us again? I don't know what I expected. Black (-hearted) Panthers? Freedom fighters? Gangs of white suburban microwave-burrito guerrillas who, for once, strike out beyond escapist crap?

They couldn't, as it turned out—but I needed to find that out for myself. For three days I clawed my way to the front row, nerves severed by six straight hours of spectral speed metal, kicked off at 7:00 P.M. by Suicidal and kissed off at 1:00 A.M. by Slayer. It's a lineup not unlike those mismatched Monsters of Rock nightmares—perhaps the best thrash-metal, core-banger bill in history—a show so gouged of anything sing-along that no kid could keep up. After four hours you saw the heat-stroked, drugged lumpen drop like the Jim Jones Guyana tour.

I began rethinking the imagery of Testament, Megadeth, and Slayer—the lyrical imagery, in terms of the difference between theater and serious commentary. Or what I call the Fantasy Gap. Hard-core gore metal, death metal, and speed metal fans grovel in front of these three bands like no others on earth, save Metallica. They perceive the Fantasy Gap to be short, even nil. The shit is real to them, and that's what makes it fun. But the backstage reality, as usual, was a Fantasy Gap yawning wider with time.

"Don't you guys realize what is happening right here, in this country?" I ask Ron Lafitte, Megadeth's manager, while I pace back and forth. "Look at these kids. What are they celebrating here? What does all this crypto-gothic anger and aggression mean to this generation, emerging shiny bright in a Germany that has finally quit fighting World War Two?"

"They paid hard cash for a great rock'n'roll show," he says.

"Oh, man, this is Reunification Day! The official dissolution of East and West Germany. Today they have one government, one money, one name, one identity. I talked to a friend last night who's a stringer in Berlin and she said it was just pandemonium at the Brandenburg Gate. . . . "

"Dude, this is the day after Reunification Day. The party is over. It's back to business."

DON'T YOU GUYS even want to go across the street for an hour?" I asked, for what seemed like the thirtieth time.

The Testament guys just looked at each other. Stuttgart's annual Volksfest, a city festival that just happened to coincide with Reunification Day, was blasting away directly across the street from the Schleyer-Halle.

Testament had more singular pursuits in mind. Ten of us crowded around a table in an upper lounge on the band's bus, trying to work a heated Swiss Army knife through a rock of hash as big as a good-size turd. After Testament heaved their 35 minutes of dark thrash aggression on the young Stuttgart 'bangers, one of the techs had scored it off a local for 100 D marks, 2 Testament T-shirts, and a hat.

This may have been the first real day of health and happiness Germany had known since Hitler's burnt body was pulled from his Berlin bunker in 1945. The telephone reports from a friend of mine in Berlin carried background sirens, mu-

FAR LEFT AND FAR RIGHT: MARK LEIALOHA. CENTER: CAROLE SEAGAL

Kerry King, Slayer's guitarist of doom.

sic, and shouting from the street.

And here we were in Stuttgart—a dope circus of mostly ultracoiffed, undereducated MTV junkies whipping up big money by shrieking about the Final Reality of Death and the Business of War, the Ultimate Truth Buried in Your Own Festering Gore, and other such things. Not that their raging doesn't strike the solar plexus—it does—but I considered for many hours how the innate violence and darkness conjured up by the music of Slayer or Megadeth could have been poignant commentary to the end of World War II . . . but it just wasn't. In here, no war was either beginning or ending.

And so what? Nobody said that an artist can't sit in his room, be a gore-hound pain freak and write nothing but TV-inspired topical protest songs all day. But metal isn't just about extrovert behavior. The line between street and poseur is so thin. I anticipated a connection to the street, a ground wire running out into the German Vaterland—source of images of twentieth century destruction, fascism, genocide, mind control, the high-gothic mind, feudalism, dark legends such as the Brothers Grimm—in short, everything metal is about.

In fact, both Slayer's Tom Araya and Megadeth's Dave Mustaine later lamented the fact that they hadn't found much time to participate in the celebration.

"[Slayer guitarist Jeff] Hanneman is a war buff," says Tom. "His father fought in World War Two against Hitler's Wehrmacht—he was a first generation German-American. We had an opportunity to be there [during the reunification], but we didn't have an opportunity to celebrate with anybody and that really bummed me and Jeff out 'cause we're really into the party."

No one has ever really shone the light in Slayer's eyes and forced the band to own up to the cheap thrill it produces by throwing some Nazis, the Klan, Ed Gein, Joseph Mengele, Manson, and other pain freaks into the mix. Its imagery has crossed the line into a formula, proven to bust through the apathy of video brats and make them think. Many of these boys have become lazy students of Nazi war crimes, serial killers, and other patterned violence just to rip off the imagery for their shows. But at the same time, the violence and pain end up being worshipped in a very real sense. At the very least, I thought this moment in history would have them all a bit curious, if not on edge.

The blade snapped through the turd of hash.

Lazy, surfed-out hair farmers, I thought. The four bands on this bill have over two dozen songs dealing with war. But their sense of history is more ignorant than Ronald Reagan's. And he read it all out of *Jane's Armaments and Weaponry* and *Judge Dredd*.

I climbed up on top of the buses and tried to see the Volksfest blasting away in an open *Platz* across the *Strasse*. Squinting, I thought I could make out little eruptions of beer foam and new deutsche mark bills being thrown into the flood-lit air. I mean, there it was: Germany healing. But I didn't dare make a run for it. The Testament guys had already left me behind once the day before, when the bus pulled away while I was still standing at the reception desk of the Hotel Mercure de Pantin in Paris.

All four bands retreated to their separate buses and drove off to their separate hotels. Testament didn't even get a hotel. So everyone just slept right through everything, in a boring funk. But why get so porked out about driving? Driving is fun. Driving can be intelligent. Doesn't anybody eat speed or watch the news anymore? I climbed into the bus to smoke for a while, and had some fun with Testament, a bunch of genuinely nice guys. No amphetamines, but lots of hash. Maybe that was the problem. One by one everyone dropped off to their bunks up front, while bassist Greg Christian and I watched *Taxi Driver* for the twentieth time. I went downstairs and spent an hour trying to make instant coffee in the microwave as we pitched through the night.

INSIDE MAINZ'S RHEIN GOLD HALLE, Slayer was booming away with its usual head-splitting heaviness, shrieking something incoherent about "Raising the bloody chalice / To the epicenter of human brutality / Embracing the carnality / Plucking the eye of the goat of Malice."

Or something like that. Whatever Araya was actually hollering, it was fucking heavy. One of the most popular heavy metal cuts in Europe right now is Slayer's single, "Angel of Death," which matter-of-factly documents the sick human experimentation of the Nazi doctor, Joseph Mengele. When the band plays its other big hit, "South of Heaven," a monstrous inverted cross, blazing red, descends from the lighting truss to hang directly in front of the drummer.

That cross *is* pretty damn frightening, coming from a bunch of morose L.A. boys. Seeing kids going mad over an inversion of public morality is righteous, in a way, but also not too different than seeing them rioting behind a swastika. Anyway, it made Slayer seem like giants up there. But once offstage, the band members immediately disassociated themselves from the fact that Germany was finally celebrating the defeat of the Angel of Death. Glorification or a history lesson?

Someone had hefted a Fisher-Price kiddie drill and bored the cheap plastic heart out of this show. That someone was Slayer's manager, Rick Sales. Behind the martial stacks his speed-metal bill of doom had become the soggiest white bread in rock history.

I'll spare you the weird conversation Sales and I had about his plan to "make money in Europe." Suffice it to say that the tight security on the kitchen had become a sour issue. And then there was production manager Bobby Schneider, a grade-A asshole who never smiled and who looked like he'd been beaten with a spatula for two weeks.

By the time the tour hit Spain, the Titans were indeed clashing. While Araya and Rocky literally crawled through the streets of Barcelona blind drunk, shoulder to shoulder in brutal comradery, Suicidal Tendencies' Mike Muir and Megadeth's Dave Mustaine had squared off at each other, each claiming that they would like nothing better than a decent gutter fight. War logic in evidence. The following exchange was later recorded in the October 13, 1990, issue of *Sounds*, under the title "Gnash of the Titans":

Megadeth bassist Dave Ellison, *left*, and guitarist Marty Friedman rock the Deutschland.

MUIR: I would be more than happy at Wembley to . . . Let's fuckin' throw up a boxing match, y'know? He's a kick boxer, I'm a street fighter, we'll throw on some gloves, that'll make it fair. We'll box it out right on the stage.

There's a lot of people who'd like to see Dave Mustaine get his butt kicked, 'cause Lord knows, Mike Muir ain't goin' down. I'll fuck him up. . . . I'd dazzle him, left'n'right *(punches the air)*. I wanna see a little blood, y'know what I'm sayin'?

MUSTAINE: It's more like Clash of the Tightwads. We've been screwed over lights, staging, effects, even meals for our roadies. There's one guy involved with one of the bands, I can't say who, but we'd all like to take him outside, put a blanket over his head and beat the fuck out of him. . . . His name is in the word *wholesales*.

I like Suicidal Tendencies, but if Mike Muir's trying to intimidate me he's pretty stupid. Who cares? Mike Muir wants a fight onstage but I'm not in this business to be a kick boxer. It doesn't matter. If he starts something, I might not win, but I won't lose.

I hear Slayer called me a *homo*. That's because I told Tom I liked it when he was sucking my dick.

And so on. I have to admit that the thought of a one-round, untimed open slug-fest between Mike Suicide and Mega-Dave makes good entertainment sense to me. Muir is a burly, Cro-Magnon tough with a chip on his shoulder the length of Venice Beach. In the Holly-

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MARK LEALOHA

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SICK BOYS

Social Distortion spawned Mommy's little monsters. The band grew up, got high, kicked ass, and lived to tell the tale to LAUREN SPENCER.

IT WAS LIKE a scene out of Penelope Spheeris's punk documentary, *The Decline of Western Civilization*. Social Distortion pounded away onstage while broken glass and a sheen of blood covered the dance floor. Big goony bouncers grabbed kids by their mohawks, or in the case of skinheads, their necks, and chucked them out the door.

While general slam-dancing mayhem erupted near the stage, bassist John Maurer paced back and forth with a shiner, not due to any offstage rumbling, as most of the audience thought, but because earlier that day he had gone to San Francisco's notorious body-piercing palace, the Gauntlet, to get his belly button done. As he sat on the table informing the mistress of ceremonies that he wanted the flesh on the bottom pierced, she told him it would hurt a lot less if he had it done on the top. No, John knew what he wanted and was determined to get it. As she turned back to the table after retrieving her tools, he took one look at the tray filled with needles and antiseptic and fainted dead away, falling off his perch and hitting the floor hard enough to blacken his eye, his bad-boy image put to shame.

But this audience didn't know that, and as the band launched into "Sick Boys," a tune off its latest album, a chair was hurled halfway across the club....Some things never change.

SINCE SOCIAL DISTORTION'S birth in 1979 in Southern California, guitarist, singer, and founder Mike Ness has seen a bad heroin habit come and go, the inside of a few jail cells, and a hardcore punk reputation he can't seem to shake.

"Just 'cause we came out of the Orange County punk scene, that doesn't mean that's what we play till we die," says Ness. "We were just learning then, but even now we can't seem to lose the label."

Even in the early days it was obvious there was more to Social Distortion than most of the other two-chord slam outfits on the scene. It wasn't necessarily that they could play that well—but there was an underlying bluesy-rock energy that only needed some time to surface. And when they sang their 1983 anthem "Mommy's Little Monster" the words weren't so much about "fuck the world, I want to get off," like a lot of the other 30-second sing-alongs, as "check it out, this generation is getting screwed." "Most of the bands that came out of that scene aren't around any more," says guitarist Dennis Danell, who has been with the band since the early '80s.

"Either that, or they're doing lame-assed, meaningless stuff," adds Ness. "I see some of those guys every once in a while, but there's not much to say. A lot has changed. Back then the kind of girls I used to hang out with were junkies and lowlifes. Now the ones we hang out with have jobs, money, some direction in life.

"So much has happened in five years in all of our lives. For me, especially, it seems almost like I've started life all over. I feel totally grateful."

ORANGE COUNTY, just south of Los Angeles, is one of the most conservative and wealthiest counties in America. With rows of sprawling houses inhabited by upper-income families, it's easy to see why this area earned the nickname "Reagan County." In the early '80s, this idyllic spot spawned one of the most violent and self-destructive punk scenes to come out of California. The Germs, TSOL, and the Circle Jerks taught Orange County kids how to slam—but the aftermath, in most cases, was crash and burn.

To some people it seemed that, while their English counterparts had dole lines (or at least art school classes) to contend with, the Orange County punks didn't have anything more than the smog to worry about. But the general feeling of this thriving scene was that wealth was a facade, a way to anesthetize you from thinking, and on any night of the week you could go to the Cuckoo's Nest in Costa Mesa, the club where this network of bands played, and spit in the face of adult convention. There was *Flipside*, the magazine that clued in all O.C. punks worth their weight in safety pins to the scene. And the parties—that took place in houses abandoned by parents vacationing in Europe—where, more than likely, some form of physical disintegration would take place.

Mike Ness knew a lot about this. He was well on his way to developing a bad heroin habit and would often be seen in the parking lot with a liquor bottle in his hand. "I was very pissed off back then," says Ness. So pissed that at the band's first live gig he got carted off to jail for spitting in the face of a plainclothes cop.

When Ness's heroin habit hit rock bottom in '85 and the band started to flounder, it became increasingly clear that unless he got it together he would not live to tell. He went into a drug recovery program and came out with music churning through his body instead of chemicals. "I was always very single-minded about what I wanted to do with the band," he says. "I mean I figured it was pretty much my destiny, whether it was success or failure. I was just supposed to be a musician. Back then there really wasn't any alternative. Even though now there are other things I could do for a living, it's like, 'Why would I?' "

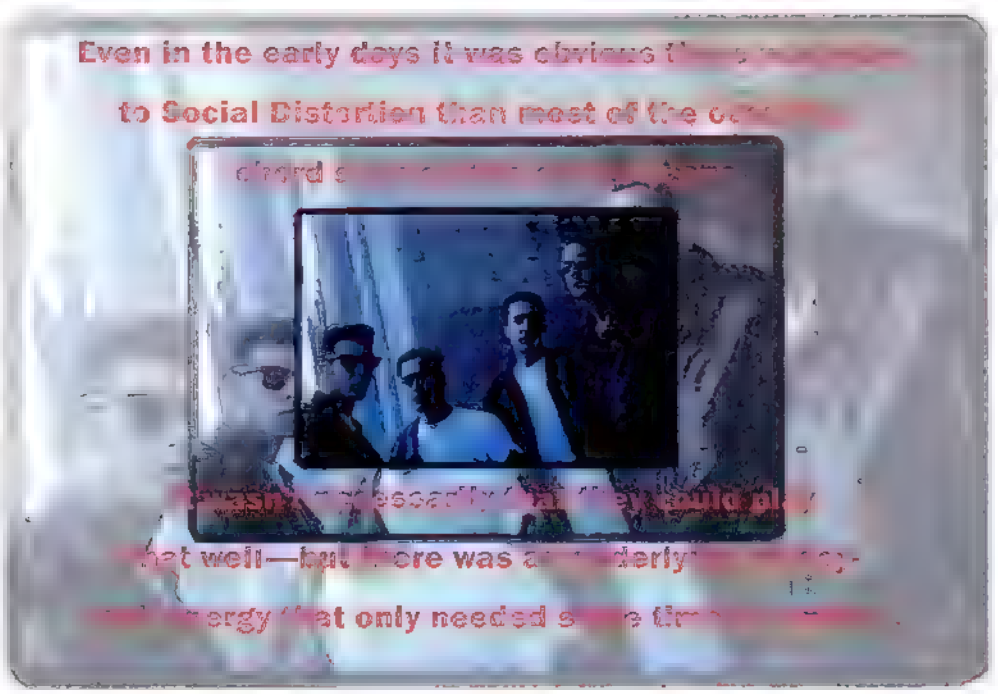
In 1988 the LP *Prison Bound* was released with Danell on guitar, Maurer on bass, and Christopher Reece on drums. The album showed Ness wearing his hardships on his sleeve. "*Prison Bound* was immediately after I got clean," he says. "Things are a lot clearer to us now as far as what direction we want to head in and what our primary influences are. Whereas back then we were just coming out of a fog, the first record in five years, we were like, 'Hello, what's out there?' "

Social Distortion went on the road, building up a steady following that included fans from the old days. Ness says, "We did a lot of live shows and we tried a couple of projects that didn't come out exactly as we'd have liked them to, so we chose not to release them, and it was an expensive lesson for us."

"We had gotten calls from guys at some independent labels and they were talking the language," says Danell. "At the time we didn't know anything about the industry and they're telling us, 'We'll meet you down at the Harley Davidson shop and buy you guys four new Harleys.' And I had called my manager going, 'I want a bike so fucking bad.' And he goes, 'Nope, don't settle for the immediate gratification.' "

"Sometimes you got to wait, and it's hard," adds Ness.

"We would have been looking good for about six months until the bikes started breaking down," Danell continues. "And then we would have had to sell them to pay the rent, and three years down the line we'd have no motorcycles and still have to do three more albums."



Social Distortion, *from left:* Mike Ness, Jonn Maurer, Christopher Reece, and Dennis Danell.

The patience paid off. In 1990, 11 years after the band's first gig, Social Distortion entered the studio and recorded its first major-label release for Epic Records and then went back on the road. Everywhere the band went fans were waiting, some who obviously thought the slam pit days were still in action, but others who came for the straight-ahead, sweaty rock'n'roll.

"I think we have a good cult following," says Ness. "Like we don't see them for a few years, then they show up to say, 'Hi,' and they're still crazy." .

"We're not inaccessible to people," says Danell. "I like to make new friends. I'm not going to give anyone an attitude that wants to come up to me to ask me questions about the band or myself or whatever."

"We like to have fun," adds Ness. "There are times when you want to be alone, but none of us are recluses. You have to have people around to have fun."

"Yeah," says Danell, laughing. "No fun hanging out just with yourself."

AFTER FINISHING UP a North American tour with Neil Young, the Social Distortion crew will release a new album, after which they'll be off to Europe and Japan. Sometime during this busy schedule, Ness has to return home to Costa Mesa so he can drop off all the collectibles he's picked up on the road. It's his hobby. In every town there are at least a couple of antique and thrift stores waiting to be pillaged. In one instance, he found a full-scale deer's head that he couldn't live without, so he bought it and enshrined it on the back bench of the bus, taking up an entire seat. And there it stayed with no one allowed to get near it or disturb it. Other faves in the Ness collection: antique dolls, figurines, and ceramic lamps.

"Maybe someday I'll open a showroom and put everything on display," offers Ness.

"I'd like to have a shop where we could work on our cars," says Danell. "And do all kinds of, you know, boy type of things."

"Where we can rehearse, too," adds Ness. "And all the people we know cross-country with cool cars and shit can come and visit."

The band has come a long way from the days of sleeping on floors and fighting for its pay at the end of the set. "We're at the point now where we can actually think about things other than how to make ends meet," says Ness.

"Because we've had our share of shit jobs," adds Maurer. "When we weren't gigging and there were bills to pay I learned a trade."

"Yeah. We've paid our dues as far as that goes," Ness says. "We know what it's like to be blue-collar workers."

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Just when you think you know what it is... It's MTV. By artist Jenny Holzer.

One in a series

AIDS

WORDS FROM THE FRONT

One in 500 college students tested positive for HIV in a recent study conducted at 19 universities in the United States. STEVE GUTIÉRREZ, a student at the University of Missouri, reports on how college students deal with positive test results.

ILLUSTRATION BY MELINDA BECK

ANDREW THOUGHT HE had it all planned. He'd known since junior high where he wanted to go to college and which career path he wanted to pursue. College, for him, meant a great future. So he focused his studies in high school toward getting into the University of Missouri, Columbia. When he got there he studied hard, socialized hard, and played hard, but never lost his focus on his future, his goals.

Then something happened that he hadn't planned. Andrew tested positive for the HIV virus.

Although Andrew had heard all the hype and hysteria about AIDS in his early teens, he never thought he'd be affected by the disease. "I thought I was too young to get it," he says. "I first experimented with gay sex when I was 14. I didn't think I was doing anything dangerous, so I kept meeting people and having sex with them. I can't remember how many people I've been with since then. It has to be over . . . oh God, I just don't know. I just don't know."

Late one afternoon last fall, Andrew's plans for the future were suddenly put on hold. "The woman on the phone said something like, 'I think you should go see your doctor. Your test came back positive.' " She was from the local health department, where Andrew had gone a week and a half earlier because he found out he could be tested anonymously—well, at least he knew he could give them a false name and they wouldn't check it. "She said they recommend all people who test positive be tested again," Andrew says, "to be absolutely sure the test was accurate."

After he got off the phone, Andrew sat down and cried. "I was completely devastated. I felt like I'd received a death sentence," he says. "I had worked so hard to get where I was, and in a matter of about thirty seconds it all became worthless. I was angry at myself for going and getting tested, and thought if I never would have gone, I could have just trudged on with my life."

In fact, Andrew probably wouldn't have decided to be tested if he hadn't met someone with AIDS at a meeting of a campus organization he belongs to. "I read the paper one morning and saw that this guy, who I met not a year earlier, had become extremely sick," he says. "The story said the man lost thirty pounds in three weeks due to uncontrollable diarrhea. He looked horrible. All of a sudden I was horrified. I thought, 'What if I've got it, too?' A few days after the story was published, the man died. At that point I had to find out, because I just didn't want to die like that."

For the two days after he heard from the health department, Andrew didn't get out of bed. "I just lay there. Getting up was pointless," he says. "I wanted to drop out of school, but I could just hear my parents saying how I'd wasted their money and how I obviously had no respect for them. I also thought about killing myself because I just didn't want to wait around to die. I couldn't really tell anyone, at least I thought I couldn't, because I didn't think anyone would understand."

But after all this, Andrew made a decision. "I finally thought it would be even more of a waste for me to give up, because I deserved better than this. I didn't come to school to die. I came to go on living."

Not many people know about Andrew's double life. A few of his friends know he is gay, but to most people he comes in contact with, he is, as he says, "as straight as the next guy." He says he hides his homosexuality from friends because of the stigma associated with being gay on campus. "If you tell people that you are gay here—or anywhere in the Midwest—you can bet everyone on this campus will know everyone else's business, even though there are about twenty thousand people here."

Andrew has since followed the advice of the health department and says his doctor gave him a second Enzyme-Linked Immunosorbent Assay (ELISA) test. It also came back positive for HIV. "I'm supposed to get the Western Blot test next week, because my doctor says it can confirm whether my last two tests were positives or false positives."

Even if his tests were false positives, Andrew says he will make changes in his life-style. "Since my freshman year I've met men in campus restrooms," he says. "The restrooms were the only place I could go and do things anonymously. I thought I could get off with anyone without having to think about AIDS. I guess I'm paying the consequences for that kind of thinking."

Andrew has also begun eating healthier and exercising more often to improve his ability to avoid get-

ting full-blown AIDS. "I'm not sick right now, and who knows when or if I ever will be. I've been told by my doctor that some people may be HIV positive their whole lives and not come down with AIDS. If that's true, I plan to do all that I can to be one of those people."

And as Andrew points out, what happened to him could have happened to anyone: "So many people I know do highly risky things. And I'm not just talking about my gay friends. Straight people are still taking other straight people home from the bars to sleep with them, and I know AIDS is the last thing on their minds. All they want to do is take care of their immediate sexual needs, and they don't worry about what else they might be bringing home."

"I think one of the biggest problems in the Midwest is that people think AIDS is not here. I thought, 'Kansas City, oh well, it's not here. It's in New York or Chicago someplace.' You think you can spot it in people, but you can't."

According to a report in the November 29, 1990, issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, 1 out of every 500 students tested for HIV in a study conducted at 19 universities throughout the United States were positive. But Andrew thinks that statistic is low. "I don't think they even hit the target with that estimate," he says. "With the number of college students I know who are having sex, it's ludicrous to me to think that only 1 out of 500 of them are positive. Half of those 500 never would think to be tested anyway. Why should they? As far as they're concerned, they're invincible because they're young and they don't think AIDS could happen to them. Well, I know it can."

SETH AND GINA, a couple who are also students at the University of Missouri, are well aware of the fact that HIV can affect students in the Midwest. They have known one another for a year and a half, and during that time both have discovered they are HIV positive.

Last fall, Seth went to the doctor after losing sight in his left eye. His doctor ran several tests and found Seth's white cell count to be unusually high; she then suggested Seth see a local infectious disease specialist, who determined his loss of vision was the result of cytomegalovirus (CMV), one of the infections which, coupled with a positive test for HIV, meets the Centers for Disease Control's criteria for an AIDS diagnosis. Seth was tested for the virus, and after a week went back to get the results. The doctor came into the examination room wearing a surgical gown and mask and told him he was positive. "She was paranoid and scared that she was going to get it herself, just by being near me," Seth says. "She wouldn't even come across the room."

Seth was scared when he received his results. "It's a real numbing diagnosis," he says. "It just makes you hole up in yourself at a time when you should be reaching out to others. The doctors make it sound like you're going to die immediately—I thought I was going to live a month at a maximum."

Gina was the first person Seth told. She feels doctors tell people they are HIV positive in a rather grim way to try and make a point, but that their efforts are misdirected. "I think they do that to kind of scare you into taking care of yourself, when the truth is that they don't know what will happen to you," she says.

Dealing with the news of having AIDS was difficult for Seth. "When you first find out," he says, "you go through all the phases I'm sure every person with a serious disease goes through—like denial. I went through a really long denial period that lasted for months. I charged up all my credit cards to the limit, thinking, 'Who cares?' You get real apathetic about everything."

Seth, a bisexual, believes he's been HIV positive for some time. "I think I got it when I was 17, when I lived near Kansas City before I came to college," Seth says. "I think one of the biggest problems in the Midwest is that people think AIDS is not here. You know, I thought, 'Kansas City, oh well, it's not here. It's in New York or Chicago someplace.' You think you can spot it in people, but you can't."

Keeping himself motivated in his studies has also been a challenge for Seth. "You feel like, why study or why do anything?" he says. "I hardly ever study anymore—not like I really did that much before. Schoolwork is secondary, probably even further down the line. I'm just coasting along until I graduate this spring."

Gina says although she probably contracted HIV from Seth, she doesn't want to lay any guilt on him. The most important thing for both of them is that they are caring and supportive of each other.

Although she has yet to exhibit any symptoms of AIDS, she tested positive after she had a miscarriage last summer. Gina normally turns outward for support when she has problems, but has struggled to find help since she tested HIV positive. "You want people to know what you're facing, but you can't tell them," she says. "You feel like your family will be angry at you because people look down upon you for having it."

In fact, Gina has opted not to tell her family that she is HIV positive. "It would totally destroy anything between us," she says. "Our relationship wasn't that good to begin with, and they would be so angry with me and so angry with Seth that they wouldn't be supportive at all. There would be a lot of guilt laid on me and that's not what I need."

Being HIV positive has had other effects on Gina. "It's really hard because I know that I won't have children, and I went through a lot of emotions about that, including thinking about suicide."

Gina is also angered by the stigma associated with AIDS. "AIDS is a gay disease to most people, and the perception is that nice people don't get it," she says. "I worked with a man who was gay, and he said he had sex for four reasons: love, revenge, fun, and money. He thought he wouldn't get AIDS because he didn't sleep with sleazy people. There are still people who think it's a sleazy disease, or think you can get it by casual contact—in fact, most people think that."

One way to help students understand the danger of practicing unsafe sexual behaviors is through better AIDS education, says James H. Rothenberger, an undergraduate education specialist at the University of Minnesota's School of Public Health. He believes that although students may be aware of how the HIV virus is spread, other factors, such as drinking alcohol or using recreational drugs, can prohibit them from practicing safer sexual habits. "If you're drunk and you're horny, you're not going to be able to make a rational decision about having sex with someone," he says.

Rothenberger argues that AIDS education at colleges and universities needs to shift from telling students about safe sex to teaching them to communicate with their partners. "We need to target specific behavioral changes to make students understand what are and are not risky behaviors," he says. "Basically, we need to tell them what they can do instead of focusing on what they can't do."

Teaching students to communicate their sexual needs, desires, and limitations with their partners may sound like a difficult task, but Rothenberger has devised a way to get his message across. He has students act out situations in which they are encouraged to discuss sexual activities. "We set up a role-play where two students might be negotiating who will supply the condom for the evening, or maybe whether there will be any sexual activity at all," he says. "By showing them basic negotiation skills, they can use them whenever they are going to have sex. It gives them a way to make sure that their messages to their partners are clear."

Andrew agrees with Rothenberger and feels other college students could benefit from talking about what they want sexually rather than playing a guessing game. "People should talk about sex before they plunge in and go for it. And they shouldn't be afraid to ask about their partner's past history. I don't think they'd want to go through the pain I've gone through for getting off without staying safe."

Editor's note: Steve Gutiérrez is a senior majoring in journalism at the University of Missouri, Columbia.

Although Gutiérrez's article implies that HIV causes AIDS, that has yet to be scientifically proven—as readers of this column are aware. It is important to note that testing positive for HIV is not a death sentence: Even medical researchers who do believe HIV causes AIDS are unsure as to how many people with the virus will actually contract AIDS; in fact, the overwhelming majority of those who have tested positive for the virus have not come down with AIDS.

The names of the students interviewed for this article have been changed.

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OPINION

"Our style is assimilation, our attitude reaction, even if some visceral rebelliousness remains. While 'thirtysomething' has become high concept, twentysomething lacks coherence: We are clueless yet wizened. Too unopinionated to voice concern, purposefully enigmatic and indecisive. We are basically unshockable."

—Bret Easton Ellis, "The Twentysomethings: Adrift in a Pop Landscape," *New York Times*

"Twentysomething" is the media catchphrase of the moment. SPIN held an open forum on the campus of the University of Missouri, Columbia, to find out what's on the minds of some members of this so-called apathetic generation.

FROM THE BEAT GENERATION to the beaten generation, from the counterculture to the over-the-counter culture, or more accurately, from the revolutionary generation to the devolutionary generation, the big media are talking about you, the readers of this magazine (average age 23, according to our market research). Magazines and newspapers such as *Time* and the *New York Times* are calling you apathetic and conservative, comparing you unfairly to the dynamic and euphoric baby boomers—the authentic prototype of youth culture, at least as they would have it. They're saying you, the members of the twentysomething generation, have no distinctive identity, no culture to call your own, only recycled bits from the past. Ask yourself this question: Do you recognize yourself in this portrait? No? We didn't think so.

Difficult to document because of its fragmented nature, the twentysomething generation is an impossible object. In other words it doesn't exist, except in the mind's eye of the media. In the '60s and early '70s, there was a "unity of alienation" around issues such as Vietnam and Watergate; in the '90s, young people are pissed off in diverse and different ways.

Many baby boomers still retain a sentimental attachment to the notion of generational difference; they are still obsessed with the politics of patricide. But how can you kill your parents when they're never around? How can you revolt against parental authority when there is no parental authority? How can you scare the grown-ups when the grown-ups have long since absconded? (Parental divorce is a defining characteristic of this nongeneration.) But if a general youth culture no longer exists, vibrant subcultures still do (e.g., the house nation, the hip hop nation, cyberpunk hackers, the virtual-reality tribe, etc.). These subcultures are neither opposed to the parent culture nor in tune with it—just indifferent.

The thirtysomethingers talk about postmodernism (after all, so many of them are media workers), but the twentysomethingers inhabit the space of postmodernism, as they have done all their lives. They are the first generation unable to remember a time before postmodernism. They are the first generation to be totally socialized by the media.

The twentysomething generation lacks cohesion as a concept, let alone a reality. *Time* magazine twitters on about this generation's supposed political apathy, yet is forced to acknowledge the twentysomething input into organizations such as ACT-UP and Trans-Species Unlimited. Similarly, *Time* contends that this generation "has yet to make a substantial cultural statement," yet is forced to recognize the black cultural renaissance that is hip hop.

Mindful of these media representations, SPIN organized an open forum at the University of Missouri, Columbia, titled "Misperceptions About Your Generation," hosted by Professor Byron Scott, chairman of the editorial department at the School of Journalism, with a panel made up of SPIN editors (Bob Guccione, Jr., Frank Owen, Legs McNeil, Jefferson Morley, Lauren Spencer, Jim Greer, and Dean Christopher). Below is part of the debate that ensued.

FRANK OWEN

BOB GUCCIONE, JR.: This participatory forum is intended as a rebuttal of *Time* magazine's "Twenty-something" article, which we felt was very stereotypical and very false. Some of it, of course, was generically correct, but we think it gave a misperception about your generation.

BYRON SCOTT: Let's start with stupidity. The older generation thinks that while most college-age students know who killed Laura Palmer, most couldn't find Kuwait on a map.

GUCCIONE: When I started SPIN, everyone asked, "Why are you giving these kids long articles to read? All they do is watch videos."

STUDENT: We're not being accused of anything earlier generations weren't accused of. My brothers are ten years older than me, and they were always being told by my parents that they were stupid and lazy and "you gotta knuckle down." Same lectures for different generations. Hopefully, I'll never do it to my kids.

STUDENT: My brother and I come from a family that was highly educated, with master's degrees and so forth. My parents always told my brother, "All you do is play computer games and watch TV." He's now a computer science-electrical engineering double major, carrying nineteen hours a semester. He's not lazy. He's just using the available technology. My parents now realize that and give him support. The problem is that our parents are not giving us the support when we say we want to be creative-writing majors, we want to be engineers, we want to be journalists.

SCOTT: A sociologist once observed that the judgments of a generation are made by the previous generation that's become in control of the system and therefore they are judged by their criteria.

FRANK OWEN: I just want to say something about finding Kuwait on the map. I think that's a general product of American culture. They always do these surveys with kids. Why don't they do them with fifty-year-olds? I don't think they would know any better where Kuwait is on the map. It's an American thing, not a generational thing.

STUDENT: When I argue politics with my father, I find that I know just as much about social issues and political issues as him, and most of my friends are the same way.

LEGS McNEIL: I went out with some students this week and, after a few hours and a few pitchers of beer, I went back to my hotel room convinced that *Time* magazine was right. We can debate about who knows where Kuwait is and Laura Palmer all night, and it would be really funny. But the reason we're here is, this generation doesn't seem to do anything unless they have a written guarantee on it. I don't care if anybody goes to school or whatever, but it doesn't seem that this generation is doing anything interesting at all.

STUDENT: Part of that is complete BS. Students are doing things. When you talk about a generation, that's an overgeneralization. There are quite a few people who not only know where Kuwait is but who have traveled in the Middle East. They want to expand their minds. They just want to go out and experience life. It's too broad just to say that this generation is lazy.

STUDENT: I find it very interesting that this country of all countries, a country that emphasizes bombs more than books, has the nerve to complain about its youth. If you invest in your children you'll get something out of them. I'm getting a little tired of being labeled as part of a lost generation. I'm not lost. I know exactly where I am, and I know exactly where I'm going, right now. *(Applause.)*

McNEIL: But aren't you guys bored? Where's the juice of this generation?

STUDENT: People used to have fun, people used to get laid, and all that, but I'm scared to death of those things. I mean, one minute it's okay to have sex using a condom, the next minute, maybe it's not true, maybe you can die! Oat bran will save your life, next minute it's going to kill you.

OWEN: Well, what if nothing is true?

GUCCIONE: Do you think something will galvanize your generation the way Vietnam did?

STUDENT: One of the problems is the idea that we have to get galvanized behind something, that we have to get organized. That's coming from a generation that did do that, and the whole idea that our generation has to do that and we can't do our own individual thing is something that's coming from a whole generation that's judging us and that has nothing to do with our time.

STUDENT: This generation is a generation that's grown up with lost heroes. We had Nixon, we had Carter, then we had the Reagan Iran-*contra* crap and the televangelists. People can't figure out what's right and what's wrong. Who can we stand behind? Kids today don't have heroes.

STUDENT: Why do we need heroes?

JEFFERSON MORLEY: I think you're exactly right. You shouldn't have any heroes; there aren't any heroes. The government is a gang of thieves. The sooner you know that, the better. You don't have to know where Kuwait is, because if someone is trying to convince you where it is they're gonna try and send you there next for purposes that are complete bullshit. I'm impatient with the premise that we have to have something to pull us together. "Wouldn't it be great to have a Vietnam War?" Fifty-eight thousand people died—that's bullshit! I hope we never have something like that to pull us together. So fuck it, don't have anything to do with it, concentrate on your own personal shit, get it together, understand the world around you and don't worry about it. You know, I don't buy this premise that you have to have a cause, we gotta galvanize everyone. I'm a happy guy who says, "I have a house in the suburbs, a wife and a kid." There's nothing wrong with that; I don't have a cause. ▶

NICK VACCARO

OWEN: The problem here is that people confuse skepticism with apathy.

SCOTT: Skepticism is one of the better journalistic attributes.

GUCCIONE: Is this a skeptical generation or an apathetic generation?

STUDENT: I know people who are apathetic, but I also know a lot of people who aren't out screaming in the streets, but who are doing things. They're doing things at the grass roots; they're not making a big political statement, but they're doing things every day at a level that makes a difference. I'm sick of the government. I'm sick of all this shit: "We can change the world. Vote this person in. Vote this person out." It's all disassociated from us; it's like watching a movie. It's not real and, nine times out of ten, there's no change that comes out of it.

OWEN: People tend to think that apathy isn't political, but surely it's a response to politics. In a time when politics are bankrupt, isn't apathy quite a radical reaction?

STUDENT: I think, especially in a democracy, apathy is absolutely not an answer. If you aren't saying something, then you're going with the flow, you're saying it's okay.

GUCCIONE: Do you think your generation is somewhat defeated? Look at Iran-gate: We watched it like an MTV special. And everybody was completely indifferent to it, even though it made Watergate look like jumping the turnstiles at Disney World. So is this a generation that said, "To hell with it"?

STUDENT: I think in a way the generation feels like someone has defeated it, but we're handling it by trying to take responsibility again. Maybe not as a generation, but we're each individually taking responsibility for something.

GUCCIONE: Let's change the topic. Would the legalization of drugs be an ethical move on the part of the government?

MCNEIL: There's nothing romantic about being an alcoholic or addict when you're seeing people shitting in their pants and throwing up on themselves. When you outlaw drugs you immediately make it romantic. You can't declare war on a disease.

OWEN: In Amsterdam, pot is as good as legal, and yet the use by people of our age and younger is actually lower in Amsterdam than it is in America.

MCNEIL: That's because the Dutch know where Kuwait is.

GUCCIONE: Do you folks think that the legalization of drugs is, in some form, maybe imminent? Do you think it could be another way of suppressing a generation from being activists from a conservative establishment that has shown no interest in inspiring you to be activists?

STUDENT: I don't know. Maybe they want to sedate us all so we can't be active about anything.

JIM GREER: Opium is the opiate of the masses.

STUDENT: The problem is that people lump all drugs into the same category. You have a twelve-year-old kid being told from the time he's like five years old that all drugs are bad, they're going to screw you up, don't try them. Just say no. Then they try pot. It really doesn't affect them that badly, and they think they've been lied to, it's a scam. Then they go out and try crack, get hooked because they associate them as all the same thing.

OWEN: You have to distinguish between mind-expanding drugs and mind-destroying drugs.

STUDENT: I don't see that legalizing marijuana is going to make us a country full of sedated stupid pothead college students.

STUDENT: If you want to put it in terms of dollars, like we do everything in our country, legalize 'em. Let's take care of our deficit, you know? They're going to do 'em. People do 'em. You know, I've done 'em. People are going to do 'em. They're going to find 'em. They're around.

GUCCIONE: Where would you draw the line as to what should be legalized?

STUDENT: Crack.

STUDENT: PCP.

OWEN: Bad cocaine should be illegal. Good cocaine should be legal. *(Gallery laughter.)*

STUDENT: If drugs are legalized, then you can do more legitimate research. There was an article I was reading in SPIN by William Burroughs that stated that heroin is viewed as such a nasty drug and we don't deal with it. But they're completely ignoring an endorphins injection that would help people get over withdrawal. Well, drugs are bad and we don't want these people to get over it. They're addicts. Because we have this idea that an addiction is a bad thing. "You're a druggie, oh my god, you're disgusting." If drugs were legal these people could be treated because they have, disease.

MCNEIL: Do you think the number of addicts would rise if crack was legalized?

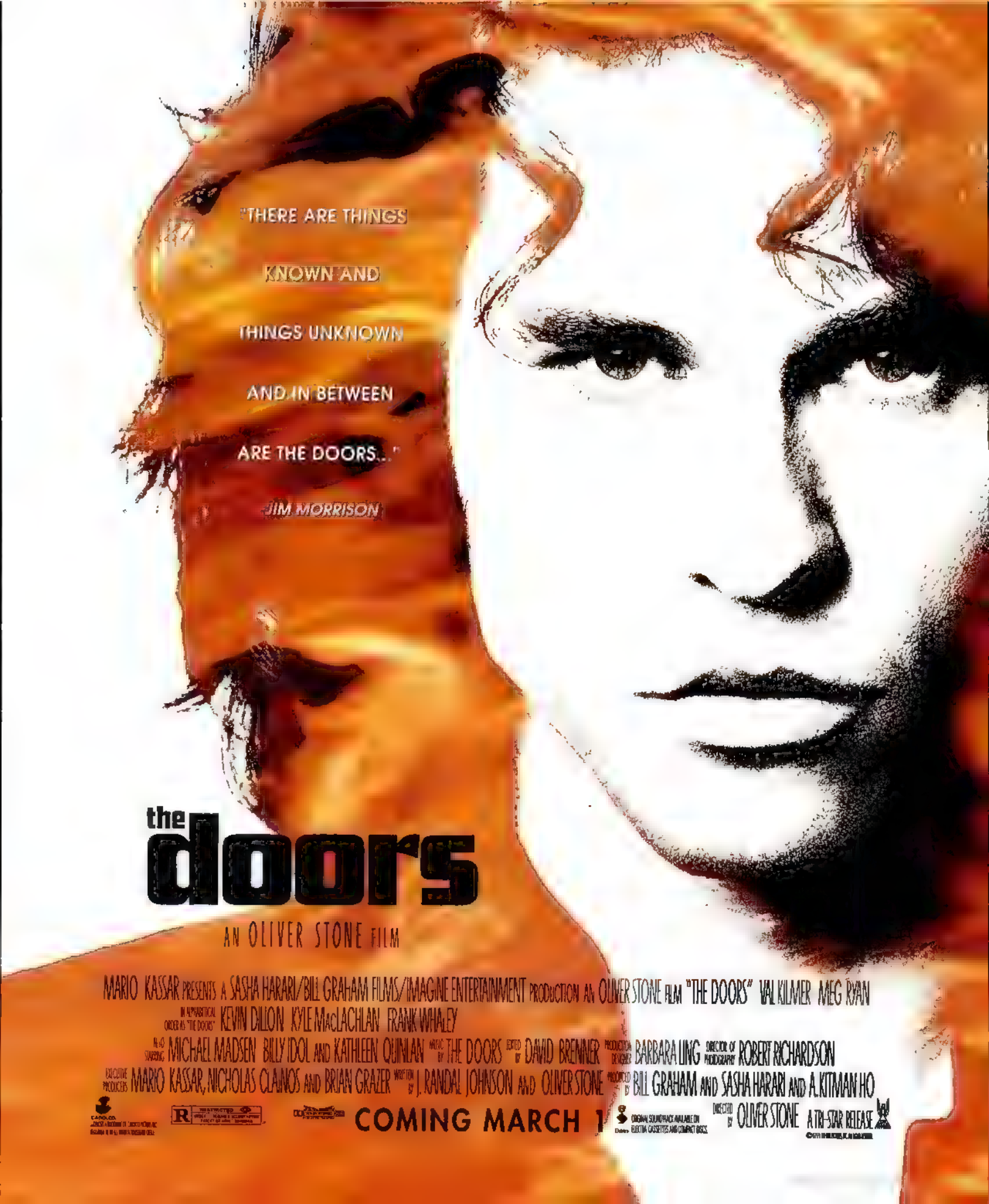
STUDENT: It may initially rise, but I think it would level off. Those addicts might become addicts quicker, but they're going to realize that they have a problem quicker, too. Whereas if it's illegal, then they might spread that addiction out over a long period of time rather then realize they're addicts.

GUCCIONE: Is there something wrong with the type of escapism the drugs supply? Isn't it an evasion of some sort of societal responsibility?

STUDENT: There is a point where you allow yourself to escape to the point where you're oblivious to what's going on. A lot of the addicts I know cannot get out of the position they're stuck in, because they're constantly trying to escape and that's all they know. Whether in the long run legalizing drugs will be a benefit to society, in the short run there's gonna be a lot of people who are gonna use them to the extent that it may even cause a lot of damage to those people.

STUDENT: Well, I think that legalization would be a good idea for a few reasons. For one, then the money that is currently being spent on enforcing drugs and trying to curb the black market could be used on education and letting people know about the dangers of it—crime prevention and rehabilitation. Whether drugs are legal or not, the baseline of usage and addiction is going to stay the same simply because of the tendencies that we all have and because, right now, the availability is pretty strong. Whether it's legal or not, the same amount of people will probably be using them. And, just like when Prohibition ended, a lot of the crime associated with the drug trade would stop.

"I find it very interesting that a country that emphasizes bombs more than books has the nerve to complain about its youth. If you invest in your children you'll get something out of them."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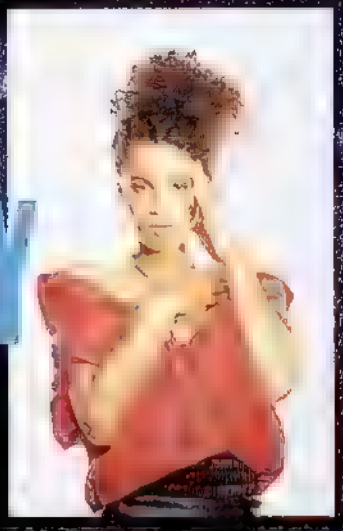

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EDITED BY JIM GREER

R.E.M.
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It's snowing like nuts out, the sky is end-of the world orange gray, and I just listened to the new R.E.M. record about 11 times. Perfect music for a cold winter night, it's warm and toasty and soft and baroque—with strings, mandolins, and folky harmonies. More textured, lighter, brighter, and poppier than 1988's *Green*, *Out of Time* will no doubt rankle some R.E.M. devotees, but even more importantly, win over some new ones.

If R.E.M. started out ten years ago as a ubiquitous jangly blur you either loved or hated, they've twisted themselves into sharp focus in recent years and become songwriters of an indisputably high caliber. This album will nail it once and for all. They're no longer innovative, original, or particularly exciting in the way they used to be—but they are writing more consistently excellent songs.

And Michael Stipe seems to have had a coming out all his own, a final transition from introvert to extrovert. His voice is clearer and more nuanced than ever before. Where it once moaned and bleated in a straight line across the top of the music, it now dips, soars, and even trembles; and whether it's pain or joy he's articulating, you actually care about what he's singing. His lyrics are more direct, more daring but still on the right side of the fine line between clear and obvious.

The band has revealed that this album is about "relationships, time, and memory." (Well, what else is there?) All the songs are good, some are brilliant. "Losing My Religion," for instance, is a gorgeous, gorgeous song. When Stipe sings "That's me in the corner / That's me in the spotlight losing my religion," I actually get a hot-cold flash and have to play the song about 30 more times. Right away. "Radio Song" is one of the few that rocks out a little, settling intermittently on a classic dramatic R.E.M. moment, with a crescendo of arpeggiated guitars and words about the world collapsing. "Low" is the album's darkest, quietest, and most intense song. "Shiny Happy People," with harmonies sung by B-52 Kate Pierson, is the most accessible.

What works best here, surprisingly, is the least R.E.M.-like stuff—like the waltz-time break in the middle of "Shiny Happy People," and KRS-One's guest rap on "Radio Song." It would have been easy, probably, for the band to make another *Green*, and you have to give them credit for wanting to stretch their stylistic boundaries. And for taking chances—on "Belong," for instance, the spoken-word verses were recorded by Stipe on a Walkman in his garage. What's interesting about all this welcome experimentation is that the end result still sounds a lot like . . . R.E.M.

Which I guess is a triumph, of sorts. Actually, there is one song, "Texarcana," which sounds more like a Moody Blues song than R.E.M., but that's one of the dangers of putting strings on almost every song on your record. Sometimes it works, sometimes it sounds like the Moody Blues.

There's more, but better than me sitting here struggling to put this record into words, go buy it and see for yourself. If not to dance to, or even do dishes to, it's perfect music for just looking out the window—at the world.

Celia Farber

ILLUSTRATION BY SUSAN DeCANTE. SPINS LOGO BY CHRISTOPHER GALLO

Mixed Bag

BY TOM NORDLIE

NOT TO BE argumentative, but what exactly constitutes a "single" here in 1991?

The traditional seven-inch vinyl number is still going strong, mostly through indie progressive-rock labels who've taken to gimmicks like colored vinyl and limited pressings to goose the collectors' market (much as the brewing industry did for beer-can collectors a decade ago). Then there are mainstream, mail-store cassette singles, CD singles (which are often more like collectors' EPs) and 12-inch dance remixes.

The twin demons radio and video count, too, since they make it easy to create a hit with an album track, like **Slayer**'s vicious-and-plainspoken "**War Ensemble**," perhaps the most Iraq-relevant song MTV's playing now, even if its exposure is limited to the *Headbanger's Ball* show.

So what's a singles columnist to do but cover a little bit of everything that bangs his/her gong? One more thing you oughta know. I don't dance. Which isn't to say that I never like dance songs, but my wallflower brain wants something outta the deal, or I start using sarcasm. Here goes nothing...

First, let's kiss 1990 goodbye with the song that best defined "punk-rock attitude" for the year—**Tone Lōc**'s "**Cheeba Cheeba**" (B side of Uzi Brothers' "There's a Riot Jumpin' Off" cassingle) from *The Return of Superfly* soundtrack (Capitol). Over a *very* laid-back groove, Tone promotes the assassin of youth (marijuana!) to such red-eyed and giggly extremes, he might as well have given an 800- number for credit-card orders. No parental warning on the packaging, either.

Damn, if **Black Crowes** aren't the best mainstream rock singles band of the last six minutes, er, *months*, I dunno who is. If the Stones or Rod Stewart popped out anything as limber as "**Hard to Handle**" (Def American) tomorrow, half the world's rock critics would die of hyperbole. "Hey little thing, lemme lightcha candle / 'Cause mama, I'm sure hard to handle now, yessaround." Sheer poetry. The cassingle flip side is an acoustic "**Jealous Again**" that's skeletal (as expected), but doesn't improve on the original (which has superior use of volume dynamics).

They can remix **Cathy Dennis**'s "**Just Another Dream**" (Polydor/Polygram, assorted configurations) from here to Slumberland, but it's not gonna change the fact that it's typically vapid by-the-numbers green-eyed soul (with computer-enhanced eye color, I might add). Dig: String flourishes the Love Unlimited Orchestra woulda kicked outta bed, standard bittersweet "Is this love?" lyric that's sincere as a two-dollar Rolex, and the goob singing on the chorus is probably Rick Astley.

Just when you thought **U2** couldn't brood any more, along comes their ominous interp of Cole Porter's "**Night and Day**," from the *Red Hot and Blue* AIDS-benefit album (Chrysalis Records). Bono's obsessive, echo-treated vocals sweep over the E-Bow guitar and rolling rhythm like wind whipping across a veldt. Finally, the Bonmeister flips out and starts howling like old-timey Robert Plant. Kinda restores my faith in these boys.

So it's big news that progressive rock bands are making dance singles "again." Funny, I guess nobody told the B-52's. Anyway, jelly-minded mop tops **Happy Mondays** are quite the thing in the U.K., and their new "**Kinky Afro**" (Elektra) is sure to be a

Happy Mondays

VIRGIN JAZZ/NIGHT RECORDS ROUNDUP

Night Records, a new Virgin subsidiary, is the branchild of veteran producer Joel Dorn (Atlantic Records staff producer; 16 gold records; has worked with Roberta Flack, Bette Midler, the Nevilles, etc.). The label centers on live jazz recordings. The first four compilations own separate slice-of-life attitudes, smatterings of collected goodies from performances and private collections. Contributors include pianist-vocalist Les McCann, his one-time partner; tenor saxophonist Eddie Harris; and two deceased greats, venerable multi-instrumentalist-reedman Rahsaan Roland Kirk and incorrigible altoist Cannonball Adderley. This is a terrific roster, a jazz primer reflecting some Dorn personal favorites taken from his significant past associations.

In the CD age, building such a live-recording library from vaults seems plausible; however, at points the decision to stress spontaneity over technical quality undermines the effort. There are some obtrusive splices, unexpected fade-ins and -outs, and misplaced mikings. They do distract. The Adderley and Kirk recordings, for instance, suffer from occasional audio imbalance.

Despite shortcomings, Dorn's pet project owns a legitimate theme. Each of the foursome possess the ability not only to play their respective instruments, but also to entertain. Cannonball's gospel-tinged raps are legendary; McCann discusses his hit, "With These Hands" (and then plays it), his relationship to Flack (who sings "All the Way"), and delivers "Bird Story": an eight-minute spicy anecdote. Harris and Kirk share sarcastic barbs and witticisms with their respective audiences. The former pleases people with his tale about bass players being late, while Kirk discusses everything from New Orleans funerals to his reincarnation as a note, and his resentment about being overlooked as a tenor player, a point well taken.

Indeed, amid the verbal embellishments, these sessions house some solid musicianship. Harris's 13-minute, ultimate groove tune, "Chicago Serenade," moves smartly as a medium-tempoed blues shuffle. McCann's "Maleah" matches some of Oscar Peterson's soul-filled, bluesy best. The Adderley date, taken from late-'60s entries, includes then-John Coltrane-influenced saxophonist Charles Lloyd who, like the leader, shines on classics like "Work Song."

Dorn's initial efforts are worth noting, particularly for the aficionado or completist. Still, while the producer offers insight into the individuals at hand, he needs to tighten the presentation; too frequently each disc lacks overall cohesion.

Jon W. Poses

MONEYTALKS

huge follow-up to fellow Manchester band the Soup Dragons' "I'm Free." *That* was a Stones cover? What do the Mondays nick from here? Why, Labelle's "Lady Marmalade," of course—but only on the chorus, and with this disturbing twist: "Yippie yippie ay ay yay / I had to crucify somebody today." Jury's still out on these guys.

Leave it to **Suicidal Tendencies** to wring one more good muscle thrash tune from the televangelist scandals—"**Send Me Your Money**" (Epic Records), follow-up to the killin' "You Can't Bring Me Down." Suicidals get laughs where others would draw yawns, on the strength of Mike Muir's sarcastic greed-hog act, and a couple unreal slap-bass breaks. Let's hope this is the *last* televangelist metal song, though.

THE "A" LIST

Sisters of Mercy, "More"
Maxi Priest, "Anything"
Soul Asylum, "We Three"
Megadeth, "Poison Was the Cure"
Faster Pussycat, "You're So Vain"
Winger, "Miles Away"

ELEVENTH DREAM DAY

Lived to Tell
Atlantic

The waifish Melissa of "Rose of Jericho," the lead-off track on this Chicago foursome's second big league LP, looks to be a newfound muse for the rip-rock mythos. A post-punk Cassandra (or latter-day Sweet Jane?), she bounds into the street, a vase in hand, buoyed solely (it seems) by the music's manic drive. She smashes the vase ("It crashed through the atmosphere with flashes of colored light") and dances on

When Eleventh Dream Day lurches into one of its three-chord rave-ups, one feels fortunate there are only three chords to choose from. At the word go, guitarists Rick Rizzo and Baird Figi spill their case of primary-colored leads, drummer Janet Beveridge Bean's pretty harmonies hug Rizzo's spittle-cured vocals, and bassist Doug McCombs grips the beat. Amid all the rattle, a bit of chordal resolution warms the cockles.

Counting four songwriters in their ranks, the Dreamers' variety of perspectives makes up for what they occasionally lose in sameness of tone. Rizzo's songs (half the album) are tales of soured friendships and lost opportunities. Bean's (five, I count) are doses of bittersweet optimism. Split the difference between a couple of countries, McCombs's concise "Frozen Mile," and an inverted blues ("Trouble") via boffo bottlenecker Figi. In sum: hope, despair, and a pinch of "magic realism." The way I figure it, when they're good, they're real good, when they're not so good, they're still real loud (which is good in my book just the same).

Alec Foege

YO-YO

Make Way for the Motherlode
Atlantic

Yo-Yo is a rapper who doesn't ask for respect—she demands it. And respect is exactly what she gets with the release of her debut album, *Make Way for the Motherlode*.

This 19-year-old dynamo from South Central Los Angeles possesses rapid-fire rapping capability and a thorough understanding of the English language. Produced by Ice Cube and Sir Jinx, Yo-Yo shows off her capabilities as well as her attitude with selections that include "Sisterland," "Stompin' to the 90's," and the title track, "Make Way for the Motherlode." Ice Cube interjects from time to time to take exception to Yo-Yo's positive messages to her women audience. He starts out rather innocently in "You Can't Play With My Yo-Yo," but then proceeds to get into an all-out war of the sexes with the young lady in "What Can I Do?" — where the two get into a brief but rather nasty little rap duel that would have done Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs proud.

But this is not just another male-bashing female rapper. Yo-Yo sends out a strong message concerning teenage sex ("Put a Lid on It") and even shows her own sense of vulner

VIVA CRUZ

SKIN YARD
Fist Sized Chunks
CRZ 009 (LP/CA/CD)

CHEMICAL PEOPLE
The Right Thing
CRZ 013 (LP/CA/CD)

ALL
Allroy Saves
CRZ 011 (LP/CA/CD)

BIG DRILL CAR
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CRZ 008 (LP/CA/CD)

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BIG DRILL CAR - Small Block CRZ 014 (EP/CA EP/CD EP).

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ability ("I Got Played"), then warns women not to make the same mistake ("Girl, Don't Be No Fool"). Such a variety of emotions combined with crafty lyrics make this Yo-Yo something to play with

Jonathan Williams

ROLLINS BAND

Turned On

Touch & Go

WARTIME

Fast Food for Thought

Chrysalis

Get the CD version of *Turned On* for closest approximation of the live Rollins Band experience—the entire 15-song assault is programmed as *one track*, so to get to the lighthearted finale, "Crazy Lover," an old sexual boast penned by Richard Berry (of "Louie Louie" fame), you've gotta wade through a veritable lava pit of anger and contradiction. That's Henry's way, I suppose, but his talent for articulating conflicts in schematic form ("I hate the world that I think hates me," etc.), without giving up many personal details or stories, can cause listeners to reflexively fill-in-the-blanks with their own problems. Ouch. Surprisingly, *Turned On* isn't a cataclysmic chords'n'feedback storm (though the triple play of "Mask," "Down & Away," and "Turned Inside Out" comes close), but is instead a tight rendering of songs that often sounded just as tough in studio form.

The five-song Wartime EP confirms something suggested by *Turned On*'s "Crazy Lover"—at this point, Hank sounds more inspired when he's having fun. Rollins Band bassist Andrew Weiss wrote and performed all the music for *Fast Food*, layering bathtub-fart synths, simulated explosions, and samples galore over a jaunty cowbell-and-snare beat (which is absent only on "Mindfield," the opening 1:34 pastiche of machine guns and Ted Nugent stage patter). Rollins mostly raps about using wits and positive attitude as weapons against a world that's rotting, but not yet completely rotten. "Right to Life" is downright anthemic, "The Whole Truth" a little more pessimistic, and the title track confident to the point of belligerence. Four more Wartime releases may follow, depending (of course) on sales. Could the *Club MTV* crowd "get" this? Look for "I Want to Be Insane" tattooed on Downtown Julie Brown.

Tom Nordlie

THE DARKSIDE

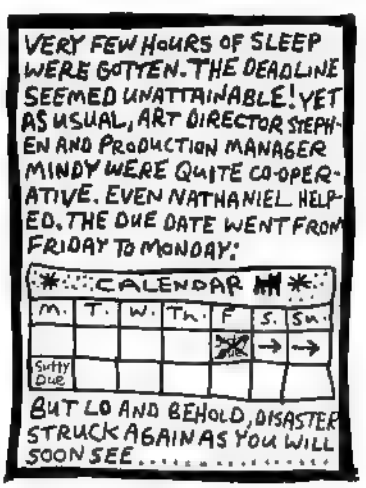
All That Noise

Beggar's Banquet

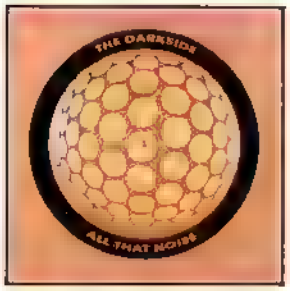
As members of Britain's now legendary band Spacemen 3, Pete Bassman (bass/vocals) and Rosco (drums/keyboards) helped sculpt glowing hypnotic works that buzzed

Little Sutty's Quest for Music *by Mark Blackwell*

IT ALL STARTED OFF FINE. THE CARTOON WAS GOING TO BE ABOUT NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK. IT WAS GOING TO BE GREAT. CAN'T YOU IMAGINE HOW GREAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN? BUT THEN DISASTER STRUCK! FIRST OF ALL THERE WAS A LOT OF OTHER STUFF THAT HAD TO BE DONE, SUCH AS THE R.E.M. STORY:
MILLS
BERRY
STIPE
BUCK
* ARTIST'S RENDERING OF R.E.M. IT SHALL SOON BE EXPLAINED WHY ARTIST'S RENDERING LOOKS LITTLE OR NOTHING LIKE THEM)


VERY FEW HOURS OF SLEEP WERE GOTTEN. THE DEADLINE SEEMED UNATTAINABLE! YET AS USUAL, ART DIRECTOR STEPHEN AND PRODUCTION MANAGER MINDY WERE QUITE CO-OPERATIVE. EVEN NATHANIEL HELPED. THE DUE DATE WENT FROM FRIDAY TO MONDAY:
CALENDAR
M. T. W. Th. F. S. Su.
Sutty Due
BUT LO AND BEHOLD, DISASTER STRUCK AGAIN AS YOU WILL SOON SEE.....

with fierce intensity. Now spacemen free, the duo make up two-thirds of the U.K.'s latest '60s revivalists, the Darkside. The band's debut, *All That Noise*, is pure Woodstock-era sun-bleached psychedelia, teeming with shimmering guitars and swirling keyboards. While Spacemen 3 often induced catatonia through violent guitar riffs and droningly redundant



rhythms, the Darkside prefers to lull its audience to sleep with simple, soothing ambience. The music is plenty distorted, sure, but it's never fiery or malevolent. Even the garage-rock chaos of "Found Love" is lazy and languorous; Bassman's listless, lifeless vocals and Kevin Cowen's spiraling guitar magic create an ever-deepening void.

Lyrically, the Darkside is not all sunshine and roses. "I keep waiting for a lover to steal my heart away. I've been waiting for the winds now to blow my life away," laments Bassman on "Waiting for the Angels." But the somnolence the band invites is one of hazy contentment rather than hopelessness. Sit very still, let the radiance flow through your mind, and "listen to the flower people say *aaahhhh*."

Jon Wiederhorn

THE NEIGHBORHOODS
Hoodwinked
Emergo

Back when they called it new wave, Boston's The Neighborhoods were local boys with a big-time buzz. Seeing how I have dedicated my life to the (almost) total hatred of anything Bostonian, I was never hip to these guys, oops, I blew it. *Hoodwinked* is a no-frills, no-shit bunch of snarling little pop-rock tunes, filled with plenty of crunching guitar, lots of "fuck you if you won't fuck me" lyrics, and nary a dash of pretentiousness. It's got a bite without ripping the melodies into shreds.

It's a cool little disc; it's rock'n'roll like they used to make it, all bash, boom, and bending strings with a bona fide backbeat, and if they ain't singing 'bout girls, they're pissed off at somebody else. The 'Hoods do much justice to Cheap Trick's "Southern Girls," and all in all there ain't a truly bad track to be heard with the exception of "Evel Knievel," which champions Mr. Knievel as some sort of hero. (Sorry, I don't buy that—plus, it drags.) The boys in the band pull off that most honored of rock-trio tricks; sounding much bigger and louder than a mere threesome. This is a bar band before the term became pejorative. And, girls, they've even got a power ballad (sort of), "Love Holiday," which sounds like "Dream On." Not incidentally, Aerosmith's Brad Whitford coproduced the disc. This is not stuff that will change your world, but it sure sounded boss blasting out of the headphones, and when it comes to rock'n'roll, that's all you really should need, isn't it?

Amy Linden

JILL, A GIRL WE MET IN MISSOURI AND WHO CAN BE SEEN DANCING ON A CAR IN THE FASHION SPREAD, CAME TO TOWN, AND A LOT OF TIME WAS WASTED ON FUN AND FRIVOLITY. FINALLY THE CARTOON WAS TO BE DONE ON SUNDAY NIGHT AT THE LAST MINUTE AGAIN, YET NOT BEFORE A DELICIOUS MEAL AT PRIX FIXE, JUST BELOW SPIN IN LOVELY MANHATTAN. IT WAS JIM'S TREAT, TOO!
JILL
JIM
MARK

MARK, HOWEVER, WAS TOYING WITH SOME MATCHES, AS IS AT TIMES HIS UNCONSCIOUS WANT, WHEN SUDDENLY
PRIX FIXE
ONE OF THE MATCHES FLARED UP, BURNING HIS MIDDLE FINGER. RENDERING CARTOON DRAWING EXTREMELY DIFFICULT, AND IT WAS REALLY LATE ANYWAY BY THAT TIME.
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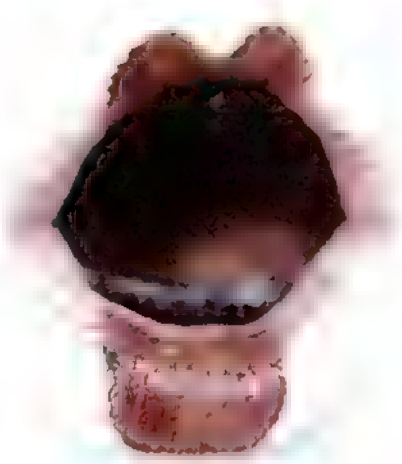

lust

The Ambitious Lovers (Arto Lindsay and Peter Scherer) make music at once tropical and metropolitan, sophisticated and savage. Their Elektra debut, *Lust,* is a Brazilian-inflected mix of funk and finesse featuring the singles "Umbabarauma" and "Monster."

Produced by Peter Scherer

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Tom Zé

BY RICHARD GEHR

TOM ZÉ IS A LONG WAY from home and has the slightly bewildered and giddy expression to prove it. Born Antonio José Santana Martins in 1936, the singer/composer has never been away from Brazil before. Now he's sitting in David Byrne's comfortable SoHo office, surrounded by Cuban records and discussing matters of life and death through a translator who seems to comprehend him only slightly better than I do.

He talks like this, only in Portuguese: "Nineteen sixty-five. Brazil. Military dictatorship. Installation of the Devil. Good friends are fighting against the right. Right. Left. We from Bahia already living in Sao Paulo could only see that as opéra bouffe."

Tom Zé lived the first half of his life in the northeastern state of Bahia before moving to the sprawling metropolis of São Paulo at the age of 30. Much of his music is surrealistic, playing off the contrasts between big city life and his origins in the poor rural village of Irará, a place, he says, where "music was very important, not only in the cosmic sense, but also in the daily and prosaic senses."

In Irará, Tom Zé saw the *bumba meu boi*, musical theater starring the bull: meaty protein being nearly nonexistent in the Northeast, songs were sung about the different parts of the animal one would eat if one could. Other times he held hands with his friends and sang *cantigas de roda*, folk songs that taught kids about sex and obedience. And he heard *quadrinhas*, the adult version of *cantigas*: songs for cooking and working.

"In the Northeast, rhythm is God dehydrated," writes Tom Zé on the insert of a truly wonderful anthology titled *Massive Hits: The Best of Tom Zé*, which David Byrne compiled. Byrne picked up some Tom Zé records while visiting Brazil in 1986, and I think he discovered something of a soul brother in the nostalgic, displaced northeasterner who sings in bright nonsense syllables when words fail him.

Tom Zé has recorded seven albums since 1968. Three of them are called *Tom Zé*. He hasn't heard Led Zeppelin or Chicago, but while studying music in Salvador (Bahia's capital) in 1967, his friend Caetano Veloso forced him to listen to *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, with Caetano translating simultaneously. "You have to listen to this," Caetano told him. "You really have to know what's going on."

Caetano talked him into moving to Sao Paulo, where they founded the Tropicalist arts movement alongside such Brazilian musical greats as Maria Bethania, Gilberto Gil, and Gal Costa. Semisurrealists with strong antidictatorial, leftist sympathies, the Tropicalismo cannibalized musical and extramusical styles to create some of the most radical pop art of the late '60s.

"The funny thing about the Tropicalismo," Tom Zé explains, "is that although we all came from rural areas, we weren't afraid of computers. Most Brazilian composers and artists were scared of electric guitars, but for the Tropicalistas, the guitar was the most benign devil around. They called us enemies of Brazil for using electric instruments." As the government attempted to purify Brazilian music, the Tropicalistas greedily inhaled American and European harmonies and at

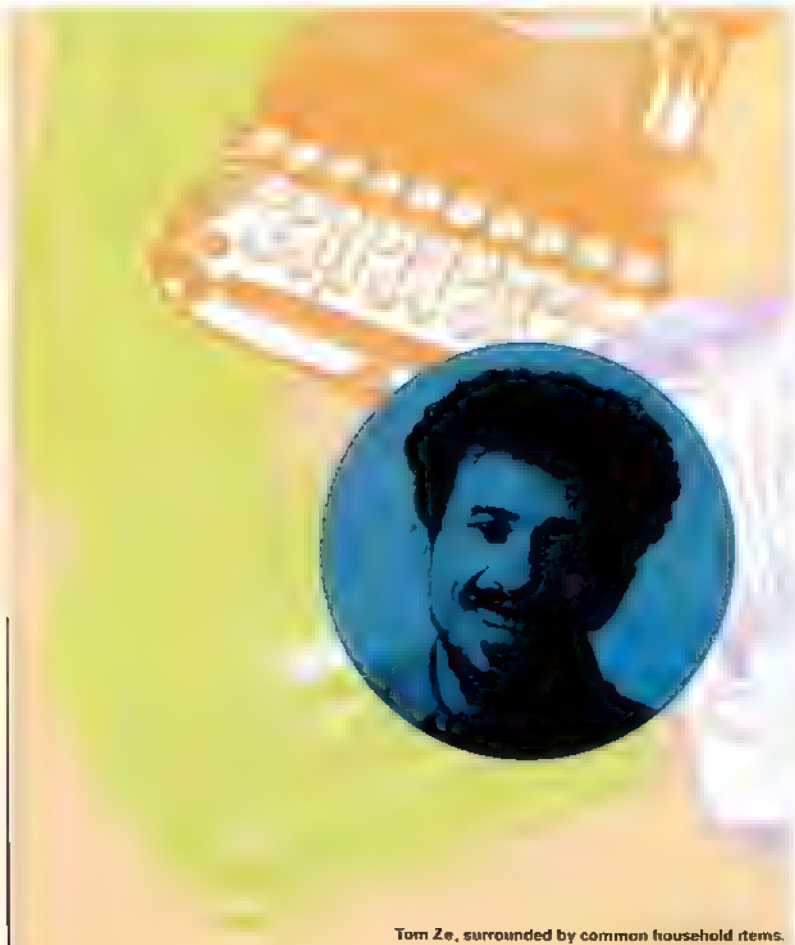
CHICKASAW MUDD PUPPIES

8 Track Stomp

Polygram

More concept than content, Georgia's Chickasaw Mudd Puppies take a time-tested combination—wild voice plus gonzo guitar—and reduce it to a bunch of self-conscious mannerisms on their first full LP. Too bad, 'cause Brant Slay can wail with authority, and ax man Ben Reynolds packs an arsenal of slashing electric chords. But the guys want something more "artistic" than standard blues and rockabilly rave-ups, hence precious, cartoon performances and herky-jerky arrangements that emphasize quirks over soul.

Occasionally they rise above affectation and threaten to ignite. "Wasp" finds Slay drunk on repetition, almost speaking in tongues; "Do You Re-



Tom Zé, surrounded by common household items.

titudes, combining them with Afro-Caribbean rhythms and the samba pulse of Rio's hillside slums, the *favelas*.

Like Ringo, Tom Zé is more a mocker than a rocker. Very pretty and pretty weird at once, he makes great Brazilian music for listeners (like me) who still aren't completely sold on Brazilian music. Tom Zé also invents instruments out of blenders, vacuum cleaners, water pipes, typewriters, tape recorders, and contact mikes. He fears people will think he's "just another weirdo trying to bother the bourgeoisie," but all Tom Zé music sounds beautiful to me. More importantly, it seems he sold his house in order to market his inventions, which he thought would be really popular.

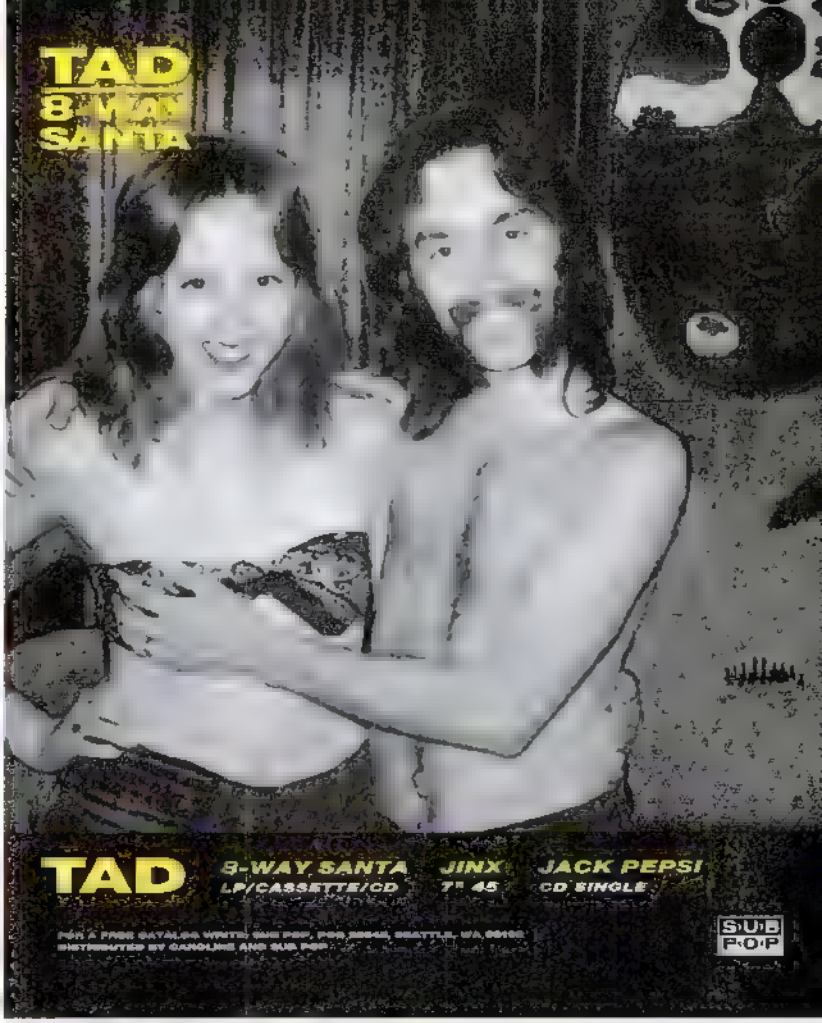
"But it didn't work out that way," Tom Zé admits with a beautiful smile.

WONDERFUL WORLD

Niney the Observer, *Observer Station* (Heartbeat)
Akiko Yano, *Akiko Yano* (Elektra/Nonesuch)
Gilberto Gil, *Extra* (WEA Latina)
Mad Professor, *A Feast of Yellow Dub* (RAS)
Sona Diabate, *Girls of Guinea* (Shanachie)

member" swings crisply, like early Neil Diamond. Coproducers Michael Stipe and Willie Dixon fashion a murky, old-fashioned aura without mimicking vintage 45s outright (although a mono mix might have boosted the power level). Blues great Dixon, in particular, should have known better than to let the boys get so cute. His old pal Howlin' Wolf would've eaten these Pups for breakfast.

Jon Young



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DWIGHT YOAKAM

If There Was a Way

Reprise

Dwight Yoakam ought to mean a lot to under-30 rock fans. For a generation that first got hep on hillbilly via a bunch of misty-eyed Brits (Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello, etc.), Yoakam's first records meant being able to trade in ersatz country twangs filtered through clenched cockney teeth for the shit-sure real thing. He's proof that country music still pumps when it's done up right—complete with chugging electric guitars (courtesy of producer Pete Anderson) and furious fiddling.

That cowboy hat Yoakam keeps pulled over his face had skeptics fooled. Doesn't it just figure the hat was a signifier—how else could a guy not smoke, drink, or eat meat and call himself a cowboy? Neither God-gifted vocalist (Randy Travis) nor mewling ironist (Lyle Lovett), Yoakam on *If There Was a Way* comes closest to Dylan on *Nashville Skyline*. Like the Big D on that classic departure (hardly the insult it seems), Yoakam gave his C&W some extended thought; then he just forgot everything, kicked back, and started playing.

Dwight's lost some more women to write his fifth album. Songs with titles such as "The Distance Between You and Me," "It Only Hurts When I Cry" (written with Roger Miller), and "Nothing's Changed Here" attest to his pain. But Yoakam's framed himself as a new brand of spurned lover—his ex-partners are smart and independent: "Used to be I could love here for free / Way back before you bought the property," he quips on "The Heart That You Own." "You're the One" is the LP's only dud—its sugary string arrangement makes it more despairing than "Desperado." Don't worry, though—Dwight knows what he's doing, he figured it all out before you and I even came along.

And therein lies the secret to Dwight Yoakam's success: *If There Was a Way* is a confident, seemingly effortless rendering of modern-day cowboydom, with all that institution's woeful ironies and contradictions in tow. Yoakam's country chart climbs ought to come as no surprise—ever catch him on the *Today* show with buddy Bryant Gumbel? The guy's downright personable. Doesn't mean his heart's not in it, though. And you can bet your Buck Owens records he couldn't care less what you think, anyway.

Alec Foege

Bo Diddley

BY BYRON COLEY

ALTHOUGH HIS RECENT relocation to New Mexico may have changed his legal situation, it's worth noting that Bo Diddley made much of his being a deputy sheriff whilst living in Florida. Unlike his erstwhile peer at Chess Records, Mr. Charles Berry (of smut-snapping, tax-dodging, hard-jail-time fame), Bo embraced the concept of law and order sometime in the late '60s. And it is clear that the quality of his recorded work since his 1966 LP, *The Originator*, has suffered for this willingness to knuckle under to the system. But hey, that's modern legend and of damn little interest to us here. The history books will erase the fact that Bo has sucked for the last quarter century and focus on the golden decade of recordings that preceded his fall.

Like many other electric-blues howitzers, Bo (né Ellas McDaniel) drifted north to Chicago from rural Mississippi. Growing up on Chicago's South Side, Mr D received training in secular classical music, while absorbing Afro-gospel's ecstatic rhythms and the blues' smutty hunch at the same time. When he finally took up the guitar, what came bubbling out was a basic, percussive, ass-grabbing rhythm that's been absorbed into rock'n'roll's general vocabulary as thoroughly as Chuck Berry's own signature stroke. But whereas Chuck's image always made him seem like a snake-oiled Lothario, sniffing out poon from dusk till dawn, Bo came off like a ham-fisted, madras-clad thug with a whole pantload of dangerous potential.

There's a great mid-'50s clip of Bo and band on the *Ed Sullivan Show* that defies description. Everyone's

Bo knows your sister.

wearing those crazy madras sportcoats featured on the *Go Bo Diddley* LP cover, Jerome Green is cooting around with those maracas like some sorta deranged crab, and Bo is lunging into the beat like the tough-minded boxer he was. There was no charm-the-little-girls smoothness in their delivery. They were almost as rough as the older bluesers who were on the Chess roster at the time, and there's a distinctly African underpinning to the performance's meter that gives it the unpolished glow of a Sam Charters field recording. To a greater or lesser degree, this rough passion shoots through the center of Bo's first 16 albums.

Yeah, certainly there are some dogs in the lineup. The *Surfin' With Bo Diddley* album is an ill-conceived, organ-drenched quickie, and there are numerous formulaically dull tunes scattered throughout *Hey Good Lookin'* and *500% More Man*, but everything else is pretty worthwhile. Most essential are his first five albums—*Bo Diddley*, *Go Bo Diddley*, *Have Guitar Will Travel*, *In the Spotlight*, and *Bo Diddley Is a Gunslinger*—all of which are amazingly great and available on MCA/Chess reissues. Wedged between classic Bo-Beat tracks like "Mona," "Who Do You Love," "Bo Diddley," and "Pretty Thing," you'll find some of the finest toasting/bragging street shit this side of the Last Poets, plus a passel of shockingly righteous electro-blues spew. It's a pity that there hasn't yet been a legit reissue of the fantastic live album from '63, *Bo Diddley's Beach Party*, which is one of the few true live LPs of the pre-Fillmore period and a beer-smoking butt blast from start to finish.

As a superior introduction to the guy, you may wanna pick up the recently issued box set, *Bo Diddley* (MCA/Chess), which compiles and annotates 45 well-chosen tracks culled almost exclusively from Bo's precop period. Because his later Chess LPs used up so many of his odd singles tracks there aren't nearly as many revelations for the collector here as there have been in some of Chess's other box sets. Apparently, just about all the tunes he recorded have been issued somewhere or another, so the new stuff here mostly consists of alternate takes and mixes. For the neophyte, however, there's a whole lot to chew on and the pics and essays included in the book are a nice addition to any collection. Robert Palmer's overview places Bo in the context of pre-rock'n'roll and Bo's own bit on his development has some good anecdotal stuff that hasn't been widely disseminated. Bo's essay also avoids making any sorta pro–law enforcement statement, so perhaps he's ready to resume issuing anarchic calls to the streets (which is what his best music has always been). And if that's indeed the case, what can one say except, "Go Bo Diddley"? Right?

ALLEN CLIVO

UNDERGROUND

FOXCORE

BY MARY ANN MARSHALL

GIRL ROCK GROUPS used to be a freaky kind of thing. No one believed they could really play, and even the ones who could, such as the Runaways or the Bangles, either had an aura of novelty about them or were forced to trade in their sexuality. In the wake of the punk-rock explosion of the late '70s a few all-female punk groups, such as the Raincoats and the Slits, did much to alter perceptions as to what a "girl group" could be. But these groups were more the exception than the rule.

Dickless

Until now. In the past couple of years, the underground has seen a substantial and seemingly spontaneous increase in the number of all-female groups. L7, Babes in Toyland, STP, Hole, Fire Party, Dickless, Pussywillows, P.M.S., and the Lunachicks are just a few that immediately come to mind. All of these groups are worthy of attention regardless of their sex. But the fact that they've all started within a relatively short time period means that something's up. It's a movement—one that has been jokingly dubbed "foxcore" by some of its adherents. As with rock'n'roll, it was only a matter of time.

How do these things happen? What drives a girl to start an all-female punk rock band? Sometimes it just happens that way. Jenny Trower of Dickless, a band on the Seattle indie label Sub Pop, says, "I'm a girl and I was talking to my other friend who's a girl and we wanted to start a band. And it turned out that everyone who was into it happened to be female."

Dickless is one of a couple of all-female bands whose names resemble parts of their anatomy (or the lack thereof). But if a band wants to be taken seriously, as these bands do, a sexually suggestive name sometimes leaves a negative impression—it makes the band sound like a gimmick rather than one whose sex is secondary to its craft.

"We wanted to be called Babes in Toyland," says drummer Lori Barbero, "and there was no way we could have a guy in the band. We just couldn't be a guy band. That's why we had to find a female bass player."

But the real story here is that there isn't a story—it's just not that unusual anymore to find all-female groups, whereas just a couple of years ago it was still something of a novelty. The fact that they're female has become secondary to what their music sounds like.

"I think it might be trendy right now," says Dickless's Jenny Trower, "but girls are getting the idea that we can do that, too. It's like punk rock—everybody thought they could do it. It's something that has kind of excluded women for a while. But now the ladies are in the spotlight. They have taken over. Now they can *get* head instead of *give* head."

Being an underground band gives women more of an opportunity to concentrate on their music than mainstream bands like the Go Go's and the Bangles, who adhere to more

Babes in Toyland

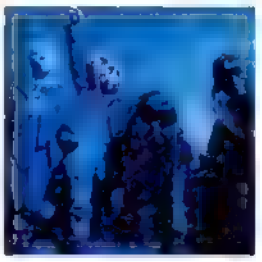
commercial standards. Underground musicians can stick with smaller record companies, play to college crowds, and remain pretty much in control of both their image and music.

"I like female bands," Lori Barbero says, "but not when they have to exploit themselves, like they have stagewear and shit. I don't believe in that. I just get up there and do it. If you're a mainstream band, that's cool, but I'm not into that look. If I ever had anyone telling me to do something different, I'd probably quit."

Most of the bands agree that their commitment to underground music stems from their influences, bands such as Black Flag and the Stooges. Their reasons for being in all-female bands are more diverse.

"I thought it was a neat idea. I've played with four all-male bands," says Lisa McGaughran of Memphis's Hellcats, who play in a wild country-blues style. The guys' personal lives got in the way—the male ego. They wanted to have an affair and I wanted to be a musician. I wanted to move past the stereotyping."

"Our band gets asked, 'How long have you been female?' and I say I've been female for life and the band has been together for three years," says Barbero.



L7

Kim Gordon (of Sonic Youth, and the one all-female album, all-female trio Harry Crews) thinks that "girls aren't as naturally tied into a generic style of playing. My theory is that they make natural anarchists.

"Just the way a man opens his mouth to say things, the linguistics he uses, it always to establish position in a situation, whereas women sort of add information to the overall picture. So in that sense, the male guitar player is what made rock guitar what it is: the male ego. That's what it's based on. But it's also making a statement, defining his position. I don't think women do that, but on the other hand, I think women who are very interesting as musicians are very tomboyish in that way and they're not passive."

UNDERGROUND HIT LIST

Half Japanese *We Are They Who Ache With Amorous Love* (Ralph T.E.C.)
Action Swingers "Fear of a Fucked Up Planet" (Primo Scree Caroline)
Various Artists *Dope Guns & Fucking Up Your Video Deck*, Video, (Amphetamine Reptile Atavistic Video)
Suckdog "Kill Ralph Records" (Psycho Acoustic)
Dustdevils *Struggling, Electric & Chemical* (Matador)

COLLAGE FROM BOTTOM: JAMIE BOYDO, CHARLES PETERSON, PAT BLASHILL

Jeb Bush

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$1,000 but did not attend any event, according to a Republican party spokesperson.

Three months later, Leonel Martinez was arrested while accepting delivery of 300 kilos of cocaine. A Senatorial Committee spokesperson informed of Martinez's drug trafficking conviction promised that the $1,000 contribution would be returned immediately.

TOM CASH, the veteran agent in charge of the DEA's Miami office, does not doubt that there are other Leonel Martinezes trying to insinuate themselves into the American political system. And Cash does not doubt that politicians are welcoming them.

"Down in Latin America, we call it corruption. Up here we call it political action committees. But it's the same thing here or there," Cash says, emphasizing that he is not speaking of any Miami political figure in particular. "At the top of the drug business, the politician-lawyer-banker circle is always seen. That's how you know you're at the top."

Jeb Bush's political future is promising. The pundits say he persuaded his father to appoint Robert Martinez as drug czar; Bush modestly denies it. He is

Robert Martinez will be the first drug czar known to have enjoyed the campaign support of a major drug trafficker.

frequently mentioned as a candidate for Congress or the Senate. One Democratic consultant calls him "a formidable candidate for any office he chooses to seek. He has no negative baggage."

One law-enforcement officer experienced in drug and organized crime investigations who spoke on the condition of anonymity is less impressed. Like Leon Weinstein, this career cop is bothered by the criminal element that has surfaced in the Miami Republican elite.

"When I see the kind of people who Jeb Bush hangs out with," this source says, "I can't decide if he is very naive or very cynical."

Maybe Jeb Bush is just realistic about how to make money and friends in America. At a pretrial detention hearing for Leonel Martinez, prosecutor Carol Wilkerson said, "He duped so many people in this community it's impossible to name [them]. . . . Now maybe some of those people shouldn't have been fooled. Maybe it's a matter—an evil in our community—that we live with from day to day. . . . If you want to make money in the Southern District of Florida, what you do is, you see no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil."

When Bush takes campaign contributions, he prefers to see no evil. That doesn't make him as criminal as a drug kingpin, but it doesn't make him any less corrupt.

Frat Nation

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house, indeed.

December 1988: A USC senior claims an Alpha Tau Omega brother raped her and subjected her to a ritualistic game of "just playing through" in which frat-members, wearing nothing but golf caps, parade around carrying golf clubs. Police say her four-and-a-half month delay in reporting the incident makes it impossible to determine that consent was not given. At USC from 1989 to 1990, three rapes were reported to a student review panel, but no one was prosecuted.

November 1989: Interracial brawl ensues when eight Virginia Tech Delta Kappa Epsilon pledges take photos of themselves kissing black women at Kenyon College. The frat, already on probation, is banned for four years.

October 1989: Morehouse College pledge, Joel Harris, is punched in the chest and slapped in the face for responding incorrectly to historical questions as part of a ritual called "thunder and lightning." In subsequent "free-for-all" drill, pledges are punched and slapped randomly. Joel collapses and his death attributed to an irregular heart rhythm. A medical examiner believes anxiety and adrenaline triggered the heart attack. No criminal charges are filed due to his congenital heart condition, but the college suspends eight brothers and expels two.

October 1989: University of Mississippi Beta Theta Pi brothers strip white pledge and white brother, paint racial slurs on their bodies, and dump them on the campus of predominantly black Rust College.

October 1989: University of Colorado Delta Tau Delta pledge forced to drink vodka shots for wrong answers to trivia questions. He is found lying in street, his pants soaked with urine, and hospitalized with blood alcohol level of 0.4 percent—that of a 150-pound male after 24 vodka shots within an hour. The chapter is closed indefinitely.

May 1989: At an annual march protesting violence against women, Northwestern University Sigma Nu brothers drown out "we will not be victimized" slogans with a taped recording of two people having sex. Phi Delta Theta hurls water balloons. The Greek council fines both frats $300, and sentences them to 50 hours of women's social service and two weeks social probation.

May 1989: As part of an initiation ritual, University of San Diego Sigma Chi brothers burn a gasoline-soaked, ten-foot cross on a bluff overlooking the ocean. Chapter is placed on three years probation and ordered to perform community service.

May 1989: SUNY at Stony Brook Kappa Alpha Psi pledge is robbed of $48, hit 40 times across the buttocks with a wooden cane, and made to stand with his hands behind his back while a brother allegedly pounds him in the chest. He blacks out but is awakened by repeated blows to his forearms and hands. Three brothers plead not guilty to assault charges.

April 1988: University of Illinois Sigma Alpha Mu pledge charges he was grabbed from a lineup, thrown to the floor, and spit on. His head is punched and slammed against the wall, causing a concussion. The University expels two brothers and suspends the frat.

October 1988: University of Wisconsin's Zeta Beta Tau chapter sponsors mock slave auction for pledges and other skits in which they don black-face masks and Afro wigs. Wisconsin suspends frat.

March 1988: At a Florida State University Pi Kappa Alpha formal, a freshman is raped by her date and two brothers. Penetration includes a toothpaste pump. Police find her in the hallway of Theta Chi, a neighboring fraternity, passed out, with her skirt pulled up, her underpants down, and the initials of a third frat scribbled in pen on her thighs. Soon after the victim checks into a psychiatric hospital. Most brothers plea-bargain, but her date pleads no contest and is sentenced to a year in prison.

Spring 1988: Middlebury College Delta Upsilon brothers smash female mannequin's face and breasts, splotch her with red paint, and string her up as a party decoration. The Deltas are suspended for two years, but meanwhile Middlebury abolishes entire frat system.

Classics

1978: Chuck Stenzel and two other Alfred University Klan Alpine pledges are told to drink their way out of a locked car trunk containing a fifth of liquor, a six pack of beer, and a bottle of wine. When his brothers open the trunk 40 minutes later, Chuck is "out of it." They throw him in a shower, but he doesn't wake up. Chuck has drowned in his own vomit. His mother founds CHUCK (Committee to Halt Useless College Killings), America's leading antihazing group.

1921: Northwestern University freshman Leighton Mount disappears after a freshman-sophomore rush. His bleached skeleton is found two years later beneath a pier. His body is covered with six to eight rocks from 60 to 100 pounds each. Murder is never proven.

1838: John Butler Groves dies in America's first recorded hazing death at Franklin Seminary in Kentucky. His grieving parents refuse to send another child to college.

Research assistance on Dirty Deeds *by E.P. Gunn, David O'Grady, and Meredith Ogburn.*

Campus Survey

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4. Do you think the environmental damage is irreversible?		
Yes	38.0	44.3
No	59.6	52.2
NA/DK	2.4	3.6
5. Can international governments react to environmental problems in time to solve them?		
Yes	77.6	72.7
No	19.6	23.7
NA/DK	2.9	3.6
6. Do you recycle cans, glass bottles, and/or paper?		
Yes	88.6	92.1
No	11.0	7.9
NA/DK	0.4	—
7. Do you think you will see the end of the world in your lifetime?		
Yes	11.8	13.4
No	84.9	81.4
NA/DK	3.3	5.1

VIII. JOB MARKET/CAREERS

1. Do you consider your prospects for attaining your desired job/career after college to be:		
Good	82.9	82.2
Poor	15.5	15.4
NA/DK	1.6	2.4
2. How do you imagine the business world that you will enter after college as compared to the '80s:		
more ethical	45.3	42.7
less ethical	49.4	51.0
NA/DK	5.3	6.3
3. What are you most likely to do if you can't find a job in your chosen field after graduation?*		
a) stay in school	15.9	21.7
b) move back home and regroup	2.9	0.8
c) keep plugging away; something will turn up eventually	35.4	17.8
d) find a job in a related field	37.6	55.7
e) take any job at all	14.3	9.9
f) go on welfare	0.4	—
g) NA/DK	1.6	0.8

IX. CENSORSHIP

1. Do you feel that your personal freedoms are in danger?		
Yes	60.0	64.0
No	39.2	36.0
NA/DK	0.8	—
2. Is freedom of expression more important than shielding minors from obscenity?		
Yes	66.1	63.2
No	31.0	34.8
NA/DK	2.9	2.0
3. Do you favor warning stickers on albums containing explicit/offensive material?		
Yes	51.6	59.3
No	44.5	39.5
NA/DK	3.7	1.2
4. For which of these reasons, if any, would you ban a record? (Pick only one.)		
a) would never ban anything for any reason	63.3	43.1
b) advocacy of rape or other violence	18.8	29.6
c) vulgarity, racial/homophobic slurs	2.0	4.0
d) graphic sexual reference	2.0	3.6
e) for any or for all of the above	9.8	18.6
f) NA/DK	4.1	1.2
5. What part does religion play in your life?		
a) none at all	26.9	17.4
b) maintain belief but don't attend services	49.4	36.4
c) practice religion/attend services often	11.4	20.2
d) fairly devout/regular practioner of my faith	5.7	15.0
e) religion is central to my daily life	3.7	9.1
f) NA/DK	2.9	2.0

*Total exceeds 100% due to frequency of multiple answers.

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Virgins

continued from page 40

in on her as soon as they got back to his frat house.

"Why ya being such a tease?" he snarled, everything that was pleasant and nice about him fading fast.

"Hey, let me see your picture in the composite." Cassandra jumped up and walked over to where the giant picture of all the guys who lived in the fraternity house was hanging on the wall. Every frat and sorority had one—it was the focal point of every gathering, the saving grace of every awkward conversation, the great symbol that announced those who had made the composite really did belong.

But right then, Cassandra was having doubts that she belonged. She had decided to remain a virgin until she was married, an unwritten code between her and her future husband that, if she remained pure for him, then they *had* to live happily ever after. But that didn't exclude her from fooling around a little. Making out and having fun. Only Kevin was going too fast, expecting it all now, and that was making her real uncomfortable.

Suddenly he was behind her, his arms around her waist, hugging her tight.

"Yeah, you're in the best house in all the campus, in the arms of the best guy, heading for the best time of you're life," he whispered hoarsely, his breath hot on the back of her neck. Cassandra was scared, and for the first time in her life she wondered if she wasn't invulnerable.

It was silly, she knew, but she had always believed she was immune from date rape because she was so tall. That she could easily run away. That she was smart enough to see the signs before they were coming. But now . . .

"It's late, I think I'd better be going," she said sternly, taking back the power.

"Awww, come on, you don't have to put up that front with me."

"No. I'm leaving now."

She pulled his arms off her and grabbed her coat and pulled out her car keys, just in case she had to make a run for it.

"Hey, cool out, man, I wasn't gonna do anything," he said with a smile, the charm returning.

"I have to go." And she walked out the door, keeping an eye out for him behind her as she climbed into her car, gunned the engine, and pulled out on the street.

All the way home Cassandra cursed herself for wearing the black *bustier*, for showing so much skin, for letting her guard down. But the more she thought about it, the more she grew annoyed that she couldn't wear it without getting into trouble. The more she grew furious that she couldn't let her guard down a little, that guys were as stupid as they were.

That these guys were too limited to believe in anything but the women they knew: their mothers and the girls on the porno tapes. And Cassandra was furious that these guys didn't allow for any exploring into that huge margin in between those two extremes.

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"Oh, we can't tour without corporate sponsorship." I'm here to tell you that's bullshit.

SPIN: How did "Stand" end up as the theme song for that show, *Get a Life*?

MIKE: Everybody asks me about that. That's not really sponsorship. It's fun to have songs in TV and movies. More people hear it there than would ever hear the record. And then when someone watches it 20 years from now, there's your song. Like if you watch *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, Alice Cooper's in it. That's great. Too bad *Get a Life*'s kind of lame. Chris Elliot is a funny guy.

(The pizza arrives covered in jalapeño peppers, to Jim and Mark's utter dismay. The conversation shifts to that night's party.)

MIKE: The women, that's the thing. It's a good excuse to get the girls in these great dresses.

SPIN: Who's the biggest womanizer in the band?

MIKE: What?! On tape?! Bill and Pete are married, so let's rule them out. And I'm not gonna say beyond that.

(Jim and Mark spend the rest of the conversation picking jalapeños off their pizza. Mike doesn't seem to notice.)

MARK: Who's gonna transcribe this? The interns are on holiday.

JIM: What do you mean transcribe? We can just make it up later.

MIKE: Put me down word for word, man.

MARK: Yeah, what was that part about you being a womanizer?

TEN CRUCIAL THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT BASSIST MIKE MILLS

1. He once fell asleep with his feet higher than his head and had dreams that someone was holding his hands and spinning him around.
2. Sometimes he wants to punch everybody in the band in the face, and he's sure they sometimes feel the same way about him.
3. He sang on Robbie Robertson's new record.
4. Neil Young once recognized him in a restaurant as being "one of those *rem* boys."
5. He doesn't like rap.
6. He likes the Roky Erikson compilation.
7. His stereo won't work.
8. He was almost mentioned in a recent edition of *Sports Illustrated*.
9. He likes jalapeños.
10. He's a womanizer. (Just kidding.)

THE GOD-LIKE GENIUS
6:30 P.M. Tuesday afternoon

JEFFERSON: Peter's not picking up his phone again.

BROOKE: Tell me something new.

JEFFERSON: You guys just go on over to his house in a little while. Peter doesn't like telephones.

(A short drive later Mark and Jim are relaxing on the beautiful Buck porch.)

SPIN: There are a lot of guest musicians on this record.

PETER: I like the idea that we can bring other people in. I was really surprised when Michael brought in other singers. Kate Pierson's got a great voice. And I think the KRS-One rap thing turned out great, too.

SPIN: Do you like rap?

PETER: Yeah, but it's like everything else. Ninety-five percent of it's shit and the other five percent of it's great. Rap is funny because you hear all of these musicians saying, "Man, that's not playin', that's just rappin'." That's what they used to say about me. "He can't really play!" you know? But it's not scales that make a good record. It's your ability to utilize your instrument, whether it's a guitar or a sampler.

SPIN: Peter Holsapple [formerly of the dBs] plays guitar on most of the new songs. Are you comfortable recording with other guitarists?

PETER: It helps me a lot knowing that there's someone who'll play the riffs along with me so I can play something else. My goal is to record my parts strictly live and never do any overdubs. We apportioned the parts out so that on like six of the seven songs Peter Holsapple's on, I play the live instrument, the mandolin for example, right into a microphone. I'd like to do the next record totally live with side musicians. I like the idea of a performance.

"We basically spent the last ten years on the road. It's time to get away from it."
—Peter Buck on touring

SPIN: Why aren't you touring this time around?

PETER: I hate to sound like the Band with *The Last Waltz*, but we basically spent the last ten years on the road. It's time to get away from it. As much as I love touring, it's a big deal. We start planning six months ahead of time, hiring people, and spending a quarter of a million building a stage. It's kind of like being in the army.

SPIN: Do you feel it's gotten out of proportion?

PETER: Sometimes. But you can't just show up at the Omni [an Atlanta arena] and decide to play there. One of the good things is that you get a lot of energy out of it, it's exciting to be caught up in it, going around the world with your friends.

SPIN: There are endless rumors about you not getting along with Michael and traveling separately from him.

PETER: Yeah, that's funny. We have two buses. Usually me and Bill and Mike ride on the noisy bus, and Jefferson, Bert, and Michael ride on the quiet bus. We just divide up those of us who stay up all night on one bus, and those of us who go to sleep at one in the morning. Michael has the milk and cookies bus. There are actually milk and cookies in his fridge. And on ours you know, beer and liquor. We'd sit up all night and drink and play records.

SPIN: What's the worst part of your job?

PETER: Having my picture taken. The world is waiting for more pictures of me, I can tell. And meeting people who think you're wonderful is embarrassing. Anyone who raves is full of shit anyway. I hate the "God-like genius of Peter Buck in his room" thing.

TEN THINGS LEARNED ON THE FRONT PORCH OF GUITARIST PETER BUCK'S HOUSE.

1. He always wanted to be in a band that wore turbans onstage
2. His wife is nice.
3. He'd like to work on a rap record with KRS-One, but with no samples. KRS-One is welcome to stay at his house.
4. He's working on Robyn Hitchcock's new record. Robyn is staying at his house.
5. He bumped into writer Anne Rice but didn't say hello. Only waved a little.
6. He met Bob Dylan once. Dylan said, "Hey, man."
7. His Christmas present to Bill was a cassette of "Rainy Day Mushroom Pillow" by the Strawberry Alarm Clock, which he found for $3.77.
8. He smashed up a hotel room once because he says they stole five hundred dollars from him, but he's legally enjoined from discussing it. He says he should have burned the whole place down, but he's a sensible person.
9. He drove by Hank Williams's grave and had a picnic in a swamp.
10. He describes the new record as "a little bit baroque," sort of justifying Jim's title for this article which Mark thinks is stupid.

TALK ABOUT THE PARTY
10:00 P.M. Tuesday to 5:10 A.M. Wednesday, back at Bill's Christmas celebration.

"ROCK DIED IN 1958, rap in 1983, jazz in . . . " Peter Buck pauses for a drunken moment.

"1939?" offers Jim.

"Whatever. The point is, the next thing is going to be beyond music. Something where electrical impulses are transmitted directly from the performer to the audience—physically. It'll be like drugs, only better. Like mainlining."

MARK: Jefferson, I think we're lost.

JEFFERSON: What?

GIRL: I like guys who play bass.

JIM: I play bass.

GIRL: I like botanists.

MARK: I'm a botanist.

JIM: Can you give us some dirt on R.E.M.?

GIRL: I could tell you some stories, but I'd be exiled from Stipedom.

"THE SECRET OF R.E.M.," says Michael Stipe, holding a half-empty glass of vodka, "is that Mike doesn't play bass like a bass player, Peter doesn't play guitar like a guitar player, and I don't sing like a singer. And Bill just sort of holds it all together."

"After all," says Jim, "he's only the drummer."

BILL: I heard that "only the drummer" thing.

MARK: Just kidding. Seriously though, if things don't pick up around here we're gonna have to break a few windows to get a good ending for the story.

BILL: And then they'll have to send some real journalists down to cover me killing these two guys from SPIN.

Clash of the Titans

continued from page 60

wood punk days before Suicidal Tendencies existed as a band, a friend of mine featured Muir in an article on the whole scene; Muir was famous for clunking skulls, moshing till blood came. The article featured a lead photo of Muir at a club, his nose bashed, blood pouring down his shirt, extremely happy.

Mustaine, for his part, is widely respected as the biggest asshole in metal, and has studied judo, praying-mantis kung fu, tae kwon do, karate, and currently studies kick boxing under Benny "The Jet" Urquidez, retired undefeated world champion and probably one of the most dangerous men alive.

I'd pay to see that fight. I'd sit in the front row for that.

The Slayer boys soon intuited that about 80 people wanted to flay their manager alive and feed his flesh to roaches, and they began acting like they felt a little responsible. They have a reputation for not liking each other very much, and I was stuck with the niggardly task of hounding them for an interview. Instead, I went off and waded into the crowd with the kids—the only people here who found this whole experience entertaining. Maybe I was looking too deep. It's just a rage party. . . .

Slayer sometimes calls its rabid followers the Satanic Wehrmacht. This Wehrmacht is a morose, loud, fanatically defensive white-trash mob . . . something on the order of an antireligious jihad. It is the search for the harder, faster, bloodier, and more deadly serious. Slayer is the most brutal thrash band in history, bar none. Or was. Some of the hard-core thrash fans have already abandoned Slayer for the even deeper underground, with the likes of Napalm Death, Kreator, Morbid Angel, and Carcass, whose concerts are more like meat-processing demonstrations than rock shows. These are Slayer's spawn. The Fantasy Gap yawns.

You can be a part of this. You can buy the Satanic Wehrmacht T-shirt. Tomorrow, when Slayer has moved on to the Rudi Sedlmayer-Halle in Munich, that's all that will be left behind anyway.

IT WASN'T UNTIL the end of the week—Black Friday, ironically—that Megadeth managed to drift out of the Titans nebula and rip into the jugular of history. A cold, leafy day in mid-October, the end of Munich's Oktoberfest. The sun hadn't hit the revolving door yet at the Munich City Hilton, but the guys in Megadeth were slouching sullenly about the hotel lobby like a gang of disgruntled vampires. Not just rolling in off another long bus ride, but just getting up. We avoided looking at each other, cowering under thick black sunglasses, hair—as always—an impenetrable defense.

There was little talk in the lobby. We had gotten off the bus in a haze at 4:30 A.M. after a 5-hour jostle from Mainz. Mustaine and drummer Nick Menza were already getting grumpy, Mustaine's lip slowly, imperceptibly sliding up his eyetooth to form that nasty contemptuous snarl.

The haze settled in over the meticulously groomed German corn and bean fields. The sun hung back dismally and let Black Friday sink in. Moods were foul.

It was an ugly day to be going to the Dachau concentration camp, and I only thought it was a good idea because the fascination was right. This is the kind of shit I expected from the Titans tour—and, indeed, Megadeth and Suicidal were the two bands most plugged in to the reality of being off the bus. This might have been a bit of self-reflexive commentary on Megadeth's hot new singles, "Holy Wars" and "Hangar 18." Megadeth guitarist Marty Friedman hadn't come along; he had relatives who died here and for him it was just too heavy.

It wasn't until I was standing in the photographic museum behind Mustaine and manager Ron Lafitte that I started to feel the weird prickle of humor and horror that surrounded them. Both of them stood there in immaculate black leather jackets with the word *Megadeth* embroidered in bright yellow across the shoulders. A fiftyish woman standing next to me, staring at the jackets, silently mouthed the word *Megadeth* to her middle-aged daughter, both of them wearing looks of dismay and even shock. Before us hung a huge blow-up photo of the bodies of Dachau dead stacked for cremation. Plain and simple: megadeath.

Two busloads of high school kids milled about, but the gravity of the place kept them from hounding us. You could tell from the sullen look behind Mustaine's glasses that it just wasn't a time for autographs. We walked toward the crematorium, past the foundations of two dozen large barracks, long since demolished. A full hour into the visit, no one had uttered so much as a word.

On the small footbridge to the crematorium, I stopped to glance into the fast creek and spotted a ten-inch trout. A living thing in this place of death.

"Look, a trout," I said, shattering everything.

"You liar," snarled Dave, rushing over to take a look. But it was. We walked on into the crematorium.

The ovens in that building were one of the harshest sights I've ever forced myself to look at. Even worse was the efficiency with which the SS had laid out the camp. The gallows had stood right outside the swinging double doors of the main crematorium—just about the distance two grown, malnourished men could toss the dead body of one of their comrades.

As we walked away, Dave said, "This makes me feel very fuckin' sad. I never knew this was such a huge fucking deal until I saw this firsthand."

That night in Munich, Megadeth blazed just a bit hotter than usual. In a way, I was satisfied that the band had been forced to ditch the snarling rock-star stance and stare political reality in the face for once.

"In school your teachers always asked someone to read a paragraph out of the history book," Dave said the next day in Düsseldorf. "And everyone in school had to read the next paragraph. It may be my time to read the paragraph. My history books are open and so are my eyes. I feel that I am entitled to say what I feel. Some people may not like it, because they like not knowing. The world right now really values the statement, 'Ignorance is bliss.' "

"Do you find it easy to pick apart a social problem, find the good guys and the bad guys?" I asked, probing.

"No. Because I'm not qualified to do that. I think that in this scene right now, a lot of people talk about war and antireligion; more so about the dark side—and though we do talk a lot about the final stages of life, that is done because without death, life would be meaningless.

"I think a lot of people . . . just write songs about death for the sake of writing songs. Just to seem heavy. Now, I can appreciate Slayer because Slayer, in a sense, stands for a lot of the things . . . we've been fascinated with, interested in. And I believe that curiosity is one of the natural wonders of the human mind. To leave it untapped is really a shame."

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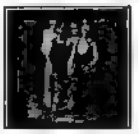

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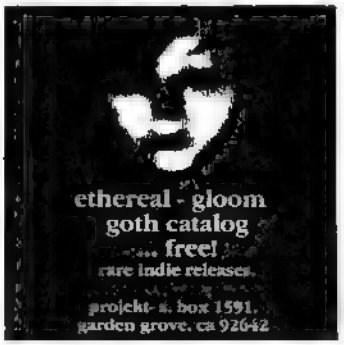

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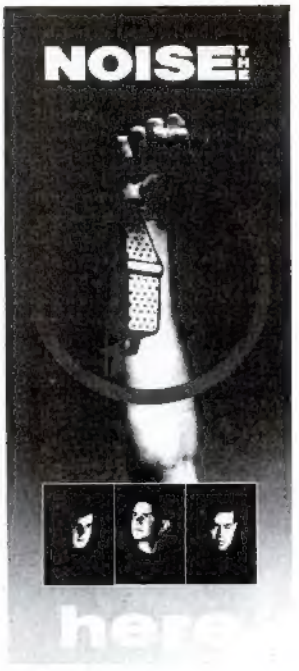

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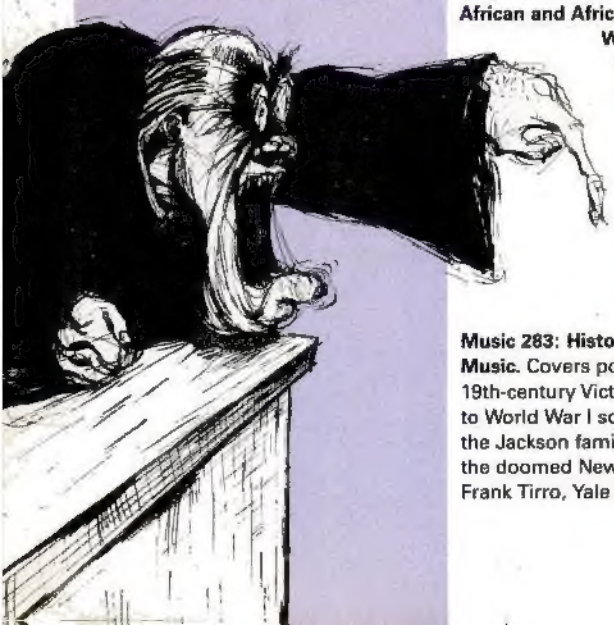
SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK

In recent years, the trickle of academic writing about popular culture has become a flood. Psychologists experiment with MTV-heads, Marxists analyze *Billboard* for clues to class struggle, and English professors are summoned before juries to defend 2 Live Crew. Colleges teach the works of Madonna along with Emily Dickinson and Betty Friedan. What's going on here? We're not complaining, but what do all these eggheads want with rock'n'roll?

It seems to be a kind of reverse legitimacy they're going for. The course descriptions below are for legitimate courses offered by some of our institutions of higher learning.

Music 8840: Music and Postmodernism. Examining the fusion of classical tradition and popular music. Artists covered include John Zorn, Laurie Anderson, Madonna, Prince, Talking Heads, and Queen Latifah. Professor Susan McClary, University of Minnesota.



Speech Communications 213: Culture and Popular Music. The course focuses on the changing popularity of different genres of rock music, including disco, new wave (pop), new wave (progressive), punk, mellow rock, glitter rock, art rock, and heavy metal. Professor Lawrence Grossberg, University of Illinois.

English 251: Introduction to Afro-American Literature. Artistic forms such as rap can't be owned by a people or culture, but cultural proximity is demonstrable. Professor Carolivia Herron, Mt. Holyoke College. Last year, she taught **Afro-American Studies 141: African and African-American Men Writers** at Harvard, for which Chuck D and Queen Latifah both guest lectured. One lecture was titled "Ice-T: Sexism, Pornography, and Homophobia in Rap Music."

Music 283: History of American Music. Covers popular music from 19th-century Victorian drawing room to World War I songs. Will examine the Jackson family as precursor to the doomed New Kids. Professor Frank Tirro, Yale University.

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So many universities are offering courses on popular music, we figure if academics are going to muscle in on our territory we might as well muscle right back.

English Lit. 404: Fab Gear. The members of the Dave Clark Five are invited lecturers for this semester's seminal seminar on sounds of the '60s. Due to the large number of professors (five), course is limited to three students. A gripping examination of *Roots of Sub-Mersey Skiffle*.

Sociology 252: Takin' It to the Streets and Leavin' It There. Professor Ice Pick offers this enthralling lecture series outlining the history of the unsung heroes of rap, from Boss O.Q. Buskie to V.D. Handler ("You Don't Touch This").

Atomic Physics 650: Heavy Metal and Heavy Water—Twins in Progress. The emergence of extremely loud music as an alternative to proton bombardment as a trigger for extensive damage, or high temperatures, whichever comes first. Students provide own detonators, amps, lead-lined clothing.

Music Theory 301: Hep Hop Becomes Hip Hop. Early basis for hip hop is traced to dotted rhythms and ostinato usage in 16th-century *passacaglia* form. Hip hop shown as final flowering of nondevelopmental harmonics. Was Haydn a secret "hop head"?

Comp. Lit. 9983: Post-Postmodern America—Theory and Practice. Theory after theory. Prerequisites: Phil. 121—Phenomenology of MTV; Lit. 173: Baudrillard—God or Dog? or equivalent life experience (i.e., working at McDonald's). Reading knowledge of French (in English translation).

Psych. 3: A Brief History of Second Generation New York Noise Bands (1989–present). Nightly field trips to the Lower East Side. Extensive drinking, ingestion of various controlled substances (especially ginseng), adoption of various trendy, nihilistic attitudes. Required reading: optional.

American Studies 319: The Politics of Youth. This course will attempt to show that today's self-indulgent, hedonistic, TV-addicted young people care about politics. Course contingent on someone enrolling.

Recent dissertations exemplify the heady scholarship available at the SPINstitute:

"Wagnerian Influences in the Early Work of Phil Spector: The Ronettes As Rhine Maidens."

"Never an Alexandrine: Chuck Berry Rhyme Schemes Examined."

"An Appraisal of Existential Import in Rufus Thomas, Dylan Thomas, Thomas Mann, and Manfred Mann."

"The Surfer Sound As Crypto-Christian Birchism."

Applications for the fall 1991 semester will be considered well into the decade. Consider yourselves warned.

NATHANIEL WICE AND DEAN CHRISTOPHER

R.M. KATO

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